Jesse's Lost Journal

Mark Patton

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Preface

A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 2 was released in 1985; I am the star of that film. I played a character named Jesse Walsh and little did I know the effect he would have on my life. Jesse has been with me throughout my life, good times and bad... In every relationship in my life there comes a moment when the person will ask "did you...?" after that affirmative answer I become slightly different to the person.

Throughout my life I have heard "I love it", "I hated it", "I never saw it" ("I hate horror movies", I never believe those people). For many years Jesse, me and NOES2 have been labelled the odd guys out in the NOES series, the worst according to some.

Gay is always a word that arrives in the NOES2 conversation. In 2011 OUT magazine named NOES2 the gayest Horror Film of all time, besting The Eyes of Laura Mars a personal favorite of mine. I have been listed among the top Scream Queens of all time, in many polls beating out even my dear friend Heather Langenkamp.

After completion of Never Sleep Again, a well received documentary about NOES, I began to travel the world, signing autographs speaking and headline a panel with such horror notables as Heather, PJ Soles, Linnea Quigly and Beverly Randolf in the SCREAM QUEENS for Days of the Dead.

Let's say I have heard NOES2 from every angle, discussed it like the Talmud, defended it and I believe helped restore it to the place it belongs as the best among the series.

This is my final answer to all of you who asked if I liked the ending. Was Jesse Gay? Was Fred Gay? Did you know? Are you Gay? You scream like a girl! Do you feel like you are a part of the real NOES series. Jesse and Mark are homos!

The answers are buried here in this Journal.

Jesse's Lost Journal was conceived as my subtexts writings while making the movie. I stay true to the film until late in the game and then bear off in a new direction, bringing Jesse up to date and

letting you see he is quite alive and doing just fine. I hope you enjoy the Journals here on Static Mass, I love writing them.

Mark Patton

Entry 1, 1982

It is lucky for me that we moved here, I found this diary in the closet... have not read it yet but it gave me the idea to record my thoughts. I want to change and be more like everyone else...so I went to the mall and bought all new clothes.

Mom tagged along and together we bought what we saw everyone else wearing (kind of gross but I think I can pull it off...not sure about the yellow shirt). Went to SuperCuts and had them style my hair...so here I go.

I did meet a couple of people at school that I THINK I can talk to... one girl (her friend is a weirdo) and one guy... strangely he is sort of a jock but like I said I am trying to change, fit in.

The house is OK, though very hot and I have not been sleeping that good... tonight I am going to read the diary... maybe that is bad...mmm. If you find this DO NOT READ IT – IT IS PRIVATE!

Entry 2, 1982

Last night, pizza alone. Dad had one of his spells so of course the entire house was in an uproar. Mom's in the bedroom, who knows where my sister hid herself this time...she is very good at that.

Sometimes I think my Dad is insane, like he just makes up stuff but he believes it.

Why would he get so mad at Mom for going in his office? He lets the kid play there...maybe he is crazy...

Last night I swear the house was so hot that I could not breathe but then it was like the house began to breathe for me...strange...so I put on some jeans and slipped out the window...it felt good to walk. Have to read that diary...keep forgetting...maybe tomorrow...time for school.

Let's pretend to be happy. Oh! Mom said I can buy a car!!!!!

Entry 3, 1982

Last night could not sleep or stay awake...really a strange feeling of being in some twilight. I do not hate it, it is just odd. I am not sure but perhaps it is the heat inside this house...

I cannot stand for fabric to touch my body as it becomes wet and uncomfortable. Maybe I am sick but it really doesn't feel like that.

Anyway deep in the night I was haunted by this need to have my old records and albums but I do not have a record player anymore and the box with the records is somewhere in the basement, plus it just seemed like to much trouble but like I said I was haunted...maybe after school I will get down there and see...

I really want to clean my room but I am enjoying pissing off the dick right now... so another day...mmm. Bacon and eggs, time to go!

Note to self: look in the paper for a car.

Entry 4, 1982

I am not sure why I hate that girl on the bus so much. She and her friend are always so rude, I mean really they are not all that good looking or anything out of the ordinary but they make me feel Creepy not a creep... creepy, like something is bound to happen to them because they are so... whatever.

Lately I have been feeling that I should be more careful with my inner battles with people I do not know... it seems like it could be dangerous. Why would I feel that?

It continues to be hot in the house... today is another day of Gym class wonder how that will go...can not start skipping this early...New Me!

Found the car! Ready to go...only a couple more days on the bus...with the Nelly Olsen Twins!

Entry 5, 1982

I am wondering about something my mom said... she says I have been screaming in my room in the night. The Dick mumbled something about it sounding like a girl screaming in the house, I just took that wisecrack from him that I do not need to hear.

Maybe screaming is like snoring and you do not know you are doing it but I really do not think that is the case. Seems everyone in the house jokes about it, but now they are getting annoyed... whatever!

I have no dreams bad or good so why would I scream? I feel as my body is changing and it has something to do with my sleep... I know that is strange... can guys be anorexic? I seem to be losing my desire to eat.

The heat in the house continues, last night I slept in the closet as that was the only place that I could relax enough to sleep...

Is this strange? It is just my life.

Entry 6, 1982

I got the car, it's parked in the street. After driving home it refused to start... really deadly... it will work out.

That girl from school has offered to give me a lift to school and at least that gets me off the bus. What a nightmare this has been, I do not think things can get worse. I really hate it all but I am still faking it and no one knows how terrible I really feel. I have this one teacher in gym who keeps pushing at me and that Jock guy I mentioned... he seems to set us up for trouble and then isolates us, after school detention etc and then we end up in the shower alone while he lectures us...

My friend says he is a pervert...

It does seem strange... course there is no one to talk to about this because the Dick is a different kind of pervert and Mom does not want to talk about that... so I will pretend not to notice and be happy...

Slipped out of the hot house again last night... and walked... saw someone was in the shadows but beyond that I was all alone... now I am exhausted and it is time to eat and then got to school.

Entry 7, 1982

I guess it is true about the screaming. I woke up this morning screaming at the top of my lungs, covered in sweat with a fever.

Last night I dreamed about the bus, I am trying to write down just what I saw in the dream as I think it is important.

I was sitting in the back of the bus, it was hot, really hot. Girl no 1 and 2 (bitchy as usual) were the only other people there. I was not feeling my best... they were laughing at someone... then there was a man, really horrible face but still there was something about him that made me want to know him... until the knives (I think) came out, it looked like he had many.

The girls wanted me to protect them... how could I? I hate them. The man killed them. It was pretty bloody... I woke up as I wrote before.

I am glad my girlfriend (as Mom so proudly calls her) is picking me up for school... the dream tells me no more bus. It is still hot in my room and in my body, I feel like sex, weird, I hope I am not the Son of Sam....haha.

School Now.

Entry 8, 1982

She drove me to school this morning, tomorrow is my day as the car will be fixed by then. I cannot afford the new shocks right now... so it may be a bit bumpy but it runs.

Dreams do NOT come true, the first people I saw at school were the Nelly Olsens, still alive... damn.

Gym class today was not cool, baseball (my favorite). A good natured fight between my friend and myself (lost my pants) turned into a three act play with you know who! 200 push ups, running (more evidence that I may one day be anorexic... I enjoyed the no eating and running, kind of makes you high).

After everyone left school we were sent to the showers again, we are very clean boys... with a lecture about being good sportsmen and all that crap... then he went into his office, where of course he can watch us and I am not kidding here... started playing with his balls, rolling them around in his hand... I wonder if he understands how Freudian this is... baseballs, basketballs... his balls. What a freak.

Thankfully my friend drove me home, he really is nice and really funny. He told me some horrible stuff about our house, I do not think he was kidding... if it is true, I do not want to think about it... as I will Never Sleep Again.

Entry 9, 1982

Did not sleep well last night. I was sore from the fight and I kept replaying it over in my mind and the shower too... why is this happening? I cannot afford to flunk out of gym... I have just enough PE credits to get out of here on time and my gradepoint average is perfect for NYU and I have to get out of here.

Again, it was really hot in my room and as I started to fall asleep I felt someone was in the room with me... WOKE ME RIGHT UP.

I did the window trick again and went for my walk... I took a look in the basement window... and noticed that the heater was blazin away. My God it is not even cold outside...the Dick must have started the fire when he was going though his porn in the basement... it must be his, it is not mine and I am sure it is not Mom's.

I took that probe game box... it was full of pretty hot pictures, I am sure nobody will notice it is gone...there are some pictures of a guy in the house across the street...now I WILL read that diary.

Fell in to bed, slept an easy sleep. Finally.

Entry 10, 1982

Last night I decided that it is true about the house... something is seriously wrong here. My friend visited last night, climbed in though the window and we smoked a joint and talk about... weird things. I would not let him talk about the house to much... it just freaks me out. I do not want to be in the next Carrie or Exorcist, though I would make an excellent movie star...

I guess everyone has a tough time... he did not say it out right but I can tell his dad beats him up all the time and wants him to be a sports star... only he is not quite good enough and wants to be an actor, I am sure he will make it...

Anyway after he left it got really hot again, my mind was exploding with fear so I took the diary in the closet and slept on the floor... even there in the dark I know someone was looking at me... so I put on some clothes and tried to sleep... I think this is getting serious... I am headed over to the GIRLFRIEND'S house later...maybe we can read the diary together... do not want to do it alone.

Down 2 pounds almost there!

Entry 11, 1982

After our late night party, I could not sleep... many reasons and I still do not feel comfortable writing then down, maybe in time.

The house has me totally freaked out and the fact that the girl is in a mental institution. I showed HIM the probe box of photos and he said they are of a guy who lived across the street that was murdered. So much for the Dick hiding porn.

If I tell my parents about this they will lock me up, they are already concerned about my changes in appearance and the weight loss which they do not understand. I do not want anymore fights with them, I know Dad wants to send me away to school and I can not handle that...

So I will act happy and pretend none of this is happening... although if we all are found dead, hacked to death... perhaps someone will find this and know that I was scared.

I know there is something in this house and it has entered my soul... death is coming I can feel it...

Maybe I can bring it up subtly. Maybe not.

Entry 12, 1982

Deep in the night, I had my first dream since the bus. This was a very confusing night for me and I am not sure I can go on. I was sleep walking and dreaming, I walked down a path and looked in a window... it was the basement, the heat was on again, the flames were huge and reflected many colors...I saw a shadow and then the man from the bus... at first it looked like he was doing Tai Chi or some strange trance dance, then I understood he wanted me to come to him.

I teleported myself into the house and was intending to lock him in the basement, a struggle ensued... he was fighting to get out of the basement...

Then I felt a cold breeze on my neck, I turned... he had me in an embrace... he offered me a deal... it is so horrible that I can not write it now.

I screamed in fear and disbelief... I could see inside his brain... there is real sickness there.

I woke covered in sweat, thinking about this dream when I noticed my underwear was covered with blood...

No more now.

Entry 13, 1982

After last night I needed to sleep and it was easy to stay home sick. I do look like crap and feel awful.

I am trying to wrap my mind around what is happening and really sleep does not help.

When I sleep I begin this journey which is hard to explain but I will try...

It seems my body disappears and I become pure spirit or maybe my soul takes on a light form. It feels as if someone has taken my body, that man is mostly likely the one person who has this power.

When I return from the dream, I have my body again but there is some small wound and I know the wound (like the one on my hip, which covered my underwear with blood) are given to me as a message. That I have been used and I have no control.

I have three wounds now and none can be seen unless I am naked. I do not want mom to see them... as I cannot explain without seeming crazy... maybe I am.

Right now I try to close my eyes to rest but not sleep. Just like the speed freaks at my last school. I know that hell has arrived... I need some help as the killing is about to begin... thank God I am able to protect the ones I love... that is the deal with the man... no killing of the people I love... or I will commit suicide and he will have no body again... my dreams, my God, help me.

Entry 14, 1982

My friend slipped in thought the window last night again and I was really glad to see him. I am not sure why we see each other this way but it does allow for late night visits. We almost got caught and he left his Gym stuff here...

We talked about the house and now I am sure I am not crazy, this is really happening. I did not tell him everything, now is not the time.

Today I was supposed to go to my GIRLFRIEND'S house to go swimming but the Dick made me stay home and clean my room... really it is a relief, I did not think I could take the mess much longer. Clean, Clean...

I was playing some music and doing my stupid dance when Mom and the girl burst in to the room, I was standing on the bed do the jack off move (I have practiced that sooo many times), I was embarrassed but at least I was not doing my nude swanlake...or Kate Bush, Rolling the Ball.

Mom left, with a smirk and a smile,.. poor mom. Then we start talking, I really like her... she is smart, maybe she can help me with this... I got the idea to let her find the diary in the closet.

Girls are so strange, she found his Jock and stuff and thought it was mine... so I ask her to clean the closet... of course she found it and I pretended never to have seen it. I cannot write about it now... it is too much to handle...I se my future and it is not good. I think he wants something different from me...

The lack of sleep is taking its toll but I am pacing myself by resting with my eyes closed and playing music... which is what I will do now.

Entry 15, 1982

OK, this is what we know so far... it is the same guy and there is a lot of death around him, because of him and those knives. The most important thing that I took away was her comment "I am into Survival"... Me too, the question is, what will that cost?

I believe his relationship to me is different and he wants something that I am not willing to give up. Me. The girl, he wants to kill her but I have this feeling he does not want to kill me. Why? I think I know. I am scared, I will not lie, but I have a plan.

I hope this does not sound too awful but I know the girl likes me and I like her, just not in the same way but she can help me and I must let her. I have to let her take the lead, so he does not see my plan. I feel bad but I know she has already entered this world and her karma is here too. I need a friend.

Together I think we can take him down. Please Jesus no dreams tonight. I need a break but I will not count on that. I believe it has begun.

Entry 16, 1982

I think I should back up a bit. I did return the diary and placed it in a dusty spot where she would find it and the Probe game. The Crux was a mistake and not mine, have to remind him to be more careful with his stuff. Anyway she did find it and we did read it all and looked at the pictures from the box...

Very sexy in the beginning...the girl that lived here was a little bit of a peeping tom, she really had a thing for naked him! But when the murder stuff begins it was almost too much.

We read the entire diary and I am convinced that this will be a completely different game he is playing with me, he wants something totally different. I want to see if he shows up in her dreams, I do not think he will... if that is true, I think my plan will work..

I hate my Dad, how could he put us in this place. I want to kill myself still, but it is also strange I am happy for the first time in my life... I feel like it is all going to work out. Now I know this is very dangerous but I have to continue the act.

Entry 17, 1982

I have my answer now and it is worse than I thought. Last night I had to sleep, so I fell into the trance, soon I was dressed and walking and I could feel him with me. I could not see him but I could hear him whispering poetry in my mind... Kill for me... it was as if he was riding me... he was inside me and I could feel him taking control... slowly.

He made a mistake when he let me see in his brain as I know more than he thinks I do, so I felt OK, I can handle this.

In the trance we walked down to the dark end of a street, a red light was blinking; I was very hot and nervous so he made it lightly rain. The light was an entrance to a club, a strange, dirty S&M place... men and women everywhere dressed in leather, some held crops or leashes... dirty...

I seemed to have a golden light glowing around me, that was him. I went to the bar and ordered a beer (thinking now I know I am dreaming because the monster behind the bar did not card me).

Then it began for real, a hand touched mine and then roughly embraced me, it was the teacher from school. In my mind I knew what would happen next. He walked me out of the bar and into his car and began to drive... it was very quiet.

He drove to the school and took me in the gym... where he asked me nicely to run around in the strange light. He was viewing me, tasting me with his eyes... I knew he meant to rape me and I was all alone... no voice in my head... He shoved me against some chairs and I felt my ribs break... this was the real beginning and I am scared.

Entry 18, 1982

After he shoved me into the chairs and broke my ribs, he hit me on the neck with a jump rope, the first blood. He then said very calmly give me all your clothes and take a shower. I heard a voice in my head, my demon, telling me to relax and I did as I was told.

I went to the showers shaky and cold, the hot water felt good but I could not trust that as I knew I was in terrible danger.

I could see him in his office, he was looking for something and then he put my clothes in a safe, shut the door and turned the lock. He was coming for me. Suddenly the showers made a strange sound and began to turn to steam and I fell into a trance as HE began speaking the poetry again... "We have work to do you and me. Kill for me... it will be fine, it will feel good."

Then like a movie it began... he became me. With his mind he roped the teacher and tied him to the wall... he beat him with many objects, he was screaming. Then with no doubt he slashed and stabbed him to death, he sodomised him with a stick... as if to give a gift to my friend and me.... and suddenly I was me again. He was gone and I was covered in blood holding the knife contraption. I tried to get clean but the water turned to blood. I have no clothes, no shoes... so I walked into the rain and began to clean myself and pray.

Entry 19, 1982

As I walked out of the gym and into the street...the rain began again. Naked and covered in blood it felt like the universe was washing me clean and I could see what had happened.

I thought about why he had decided to only appear in the other girls' dreamworld, while here with me he was manifesting himself in My World.

Everything is upside down, in the eyes of the world I am now a murderer. I am not a victim I am inflicting the wound...and only I know. Why?

At that moment the police spotted me... I began to act drunk and showed them my new tattoo, my name carved down my ribs (which were healed, I guess this is my remembrance of this visit) this explained the blood.

They thought I was crazy, am I?

When they delivered me to the house, they were all grins and here is your drunk kid. If only they knew. My father said he wanted to know what drugs I was taking and where I was getting them... I resisted the impulse to say Valium, Milltown and speed and I got them from your medicine cabinet. I hurt too much to be hit.

My mother is so beautiful; she walked me up the stairs and to my room to rest. I have to go to school in a few hours to see if this dream is true.

Entry 20, 1982

This morning was a high wire act as I had to explain my dream to her in the car on the way to school... I was very nervous, I needed to see the truth and this would be the test... I am hoping that I am crazy.

Once we arrived in the parking lot I knew my fate was sealed... it is all really happening. Police everywhere, road blocks, thank GOD we saw him and he filled us in. OK, He is dead, murdered it seems in some strange sex game he was playing. Sliced to death with knives, it appears there are no finger prints and no evidence of the killer... so for the moment I am safe.

Sooner or later they will connect the bar and the police visit to my home. No mention of the stick, so this must be something they are holding back. I am relieved, I have to admit I hated him and a part of me wanted this. In my mind I see all the kids who come to school and wipe out the people they hate... is this his plan?

My side hurts... it seems he cut me from the inside, he is an artist with the blades as my name looks really cool... what am I saying! The coach is dead. HE is inside me and he fits so well that we are becoming one... I have to hold on to my plan. I cannot believe I have to act normal today.

Entry 21, 1982

I am under so much stress, I think I will lose it any minute and now is not the place. Everything grates on me... my girlfriend sounds like a shrink of a minister, if she makes it through this mess... I am sure she is going to help a lot of people but right now I wish she would be quiet.

Her friend keeps blabbing on about her party as if someone isn't lying dead on the floor 100 feet away and she is sitting with the murderer, maybe I should do her.

God, it's like I am in a movie but this is real and I am not a mobster... I am or was a future rich guy who is nice and has a lot of fun living in New York or LA. I just noticed blood under my fingernails.

HE is not going to the party, he made up an excuse that he was grounded for throwing his grandmother, I can not even say it...laughed so hard... he wants to stay home and watch something on TV. I would like to skip it to but I need to follow my plan.

Look, I do not want to end up in prison, raped and being some guys bitch (I would like to say I am being dramatic but I think this is a real option)... and I do not want to kill myself and I do not want knives to kill me either, which he will if he thinks I am not ready to totally integrate him into my life...

Honestly this is seriously fucked up. I will kill my dad for buying that house. That weird fat guy came by our table and said do you know what GAY stand for Got AIDS Yet? What a closet case... The coach was an ass but he IS dead.

Entry 22, 1982

I need time to think and relax so I took to Valium from mom's bathroom and now I can breathe.

I have decided to be completely honest as I have a feeling this journal may end up in court and maybe my only salvation. If people see what I am going though perhaps in a small way they can understand. I admit to the world it will seem that I am a murderer, the coach is dead...and my hand killed him... at least in this reality.

I know that Fred has long term intentions for me or I would already be dead. I am not Nancy Thompson, he wants something totally different from me... and to save the people I love I am going to let him think he is winning.

It is scary to wake up one morning to the realization that a murderer has fit himself snuggly into you, your body, soul, dreams... he has taken you before you knew he was there... infected by him and there he waits.

I have a life going on that is upside down. I am in love for the first time in my life, I am not going to talk about that now as I need to keep something for myself... mine alone, for a while. I must rest, I am not foolish enough to believe I will not dream the dream...

I pray that all of you made it though the night. Jesse.

Entry 23, 1982

I have come to respect Lisa and I really like her too. She suggested we go out to that old power plant to see if we could find anything and to see if we felt the spirit of Fred.

Funny, it turns out she does want to be a shrink, she will be good.

Nothing, just some rats and oily floors.

I have not told Lisa that I saw into Fred's brain and know his mind.

People call him a child killer but that's because the paper did not report what really happened, they felt like it was too much for people to read. He is trying his child molester games with me, except I am not a child and I have no intention of being his victim.

I feel so sorry for Tina, she must have hurt the worst. I cannot let Lisa know any of this because if I do she will get scared and the plan will fail, same with Ron... I have to appear to be in the dark and the less they know the better.

It's amazing, after we saw the power plant we sat in the DD and the sun was setting and it was like a movie... so beautiful, so peaceful...

My dreams tell me a bigger slice of hell is about to be served.

Entry 24, 1982

I have decided that the house is trying to burn itself down, perhaps out of horror at what it has witnessed.

Because of Nancy's diary, the space has begun talking to me, I hear them all the time. Last night it was so hot and Fred threw a particular dream over me, everything in my room was melting, including large white candles dripping hot wax on my body...it was very pornographic. I think maybe he was unable to have sex, physically, thus his obsession with my body. Maybe he wants to use me for his tool (wow, that sounds like one of Dads magazines).

So in the dream I was walking, it seemed like miles, then I was in my sister's room.

He was whispering the poetry again. He keep saying she was not innocent, that it was fair as I did not really like her, she is annoying... in the way. But I was overwhelmed with love for her and he left, no struggle...

I guess he is honoring our deal. I was standing over her bed, I had the glove and I cut my wrist trying to get it off, his 10th mark on me. She woke up, first she said Daddy... then she said Jesse and then she fell asleep.

Something horrible has happened in this room.

Entry 25, 1982

I spent the day helping Lisa get ready for her party, Kerry was there and she was driving me insane... she needs to watch out for the Freddy in me! Not really, strange how my personality has split and I can laugh about these things but I know this is a deadly toy.

Rich people live so differently, she had cabanas set up... we have our own for changing and what not. Ron is still pretending to be grounded so he is off the hook as far as the party goes... he is really not a fan of Kerry's either and I think that is why he is staying home... she hits on him all the time... tramp... laugh.

I have a pretty big valium thing going on now and Mom's bottle has disappeared (although she never said a word... I love her). Sadly, I was reduced to stealing from the DICK, he will notice and say something but I can not survive without them.

There are a couple of people that I really cannot stand coming to this thing but I am sort of the prince of Lisa's life now... so they will steer clear of me... I hear people talking, I hear the things they are saying... it hurts, badly but I know who I am so fuck them. If only they knew, nobody knows... except you my journal friends (I guess I am dead or in Prison if you are reading this) How horrible life is... time to get ready to roll... bought a new shirt, very cool and some board shorts at the Mall. SuperCuts, home and then the FUN begins... I need a break. Let's Party ALL NIGHT LONG (love that song... wish Madonna had recorded it).

Entry 26, 1982

I am not sure if I am in jail, hell or a hospital... the blood is gone but I can still see it. There are bodies everywhere. I now know that this will be read. I do not even know where to begin... perhaps with the face I see in my mind at the moment and that is Tom, Lisa's Dad... if he could have seen what was really coming he would have put the shotgun in his mouth and blown his head off.

I went to Ron because I knew I would be safe there... you see the rule was that there would be no killing of people I love and yes I loved Ron so I thought that was the best course to take.

I begged him not to go to sleep, so in my deepest mind I must have known not to trust Fred but I know he needs me, my body, so I made a mistake. Ron was not my lover as many assumed, we had a different bond. I could have crossed a line with him and we would have lost a lifetime... I thought I had forever, we had forever, you see I lead Fred away from my true love.

When Ron was dead, so quickly and simply... his Father keening on the other side of the door, Fred laughing at me, mocking me... That was the moment I felt betrayed and the war began for real. In that instant I thought of the PROBE Game that Nancy left for me... define Probe, to go deeper, to seek... she left me the pictures of her dead lover, I should have known that there would be no bargains made or honored.

Of course everyone now believes I killed Ron in a rage of passion... that's how it will be written. Not true, Fred killed him with my hands because Fred has to kill every man that cares for me, in any way. I have to stop, the nurse is coming, he is very nice and gave me the paper but I know it is really so they can read this. That's OK. I know there is no real blood on this paper but I see it and it is his... I had to run to Lisa, she was the only hope I had.

Entry 27, 1982

After a few hellish minutes alone with Ron, I knew I had to run... I was covered in his blood and my own. Fred had slithered back into my body and was enjoying my pain firsthand but he was quiet, no whispering in my mind... perhaps he escapes into his dream world after he kills.

I just knew I had a few minutes as the police where at the door... so I made my way out the window, crying like a wounded animal. I thought the police saw me so I screamed - he is still in the house. I am not sure how I made it to Lisa but I did... I began to explain to her the reality of the situation....although I did not like the entire film, the scene in the movie they made about us is very close to the facts and quiet realistic (I do like the actors who played both Lisa and I... in fact I have stayed in touch with Mark for years).

As Fred reappeared it seemed my mind fractured and I split and Fred rode my body into the real world... I am not sure who the people saw... me or him... but I am haunted by the look in Mikes eyes as he tried to calm the situation down, I think he saw me... he was the next to die and my mind exploded.

He was the love I had protected, Ron had protected, Lisa had known and understood, I saw her watch in horror as his body was devastated. I could see him slipping into my room after working and we would share our plans for the future and now that was gone... I believe in that moment I went completely insane... but as he died I knew he saw me... you see, I now know that Freddy gets off on cruelty so this was an orgasm for him. He took his victims by choice, all the boys that died that night (and it is true only boys were killed there) where guys who had slurred or harmed me in some way... the fat boy who had walked by our table on the day after the first murder and said Got AIDS YET was the next to go and the last that I really remember seeing killed... I am sad to say I took so pleasure in seeing his pain... Fred really enjoyed that.

I will tell you more tomorrow... talking about Mike has brought me very low... I love you children and I will explain it all to you before

I go. Goodnight, Jesse.

Entry 28, 1982

I want to go back to that night and explain to you more fully the experience.

After the mayhem at the pool, the killing, the mess... there really was no one that could tell a consistent story, everyone there saw it or felt it differently... But none really SAW Fred....

The police only found my fingerprints, my shoeprints... only me...

They convinced themselves that I acted alone, that I was a borderline personality and really believed that Freddy existed... mmm. They never spoke of Nancy, tried to reach her, it was as if that part of the history was wiped away... how? Why?

I want you to understand how it feels to have him take over my body as it is important for the next parts of the history. I am his entry into the real world... I am the Ying to Nancys Yang... get it...

We are the male and female aspects of him, night and day...

When he needs to move into the world I am his ride. It is all very painful, more so the harder you resist... the harder I try to shut him out the more painful it is... like a rape really... after it begins I have found it is easiest to relax and just go away... but usually I do not, I fight... I stay present because I want to know what is being done by him through me. So when he and Lisa began the last fight in the house it was very, very hard for me to stay aware... the pain and her fear was being channelled though my body so he could experience it.... I could feel his joy, lust and it disturbed me deeply... I felt the knife she stabbed him with... I felt the kick in the face, was I angry... NO. Was Fred angry... I think not, he was turned on, ready to move to the next level of the game... to prolong the pain... he is aiming for long term lifetime agony, he wants to haunt the survivors... he is very aware of every move... so as he exploded through the glass door and on to the pool... what I call his cheap trick appearances, the Freddy Show, his hammy side... it really is all about the fear and the kill...

After he killed all the boys at the pool he ran for home... the old factory, I was dazed but I knew where we were going and I knew that he wanted Lisa to follow us. It felt as if my body was on fire, the heat was coming from inside me... all this time I thought it was the house and it was really my body that brought the heat, the flame...

Here we were at the sticking point of my plan, the reason I had involved Lisa and now I am confused because nothing has gone as planned... everyone is dead...

The next question is can she save herself?

Entry 29, 1982

We waited for her to arrive; Fred was in full mode, whispering, shouting, celebrating... for himself... total control. I tried to melt in to the background while still staying present... so when the moment came that Lisa needed me I would be there.

Understand I had already given up on what was to become of me... there would be no happy conclusion to my story. I knew what was to come and understood there would be no pleasure in my Victory over Fred. Look behind us... death is everywhere, heartbroken people weeping for there children, betrayed and confused... I could not allow myself to think of the horror that would be rained down on my family... already I knew the police had invaded my house, the house of hell on Elm Street.

Then she was there, like a warrior she came to save me, I could feel her terror but she was resolved that she would not leave without me. First, the fire... easy trick for him. Then the chase... the fight, he was really just playing with her but she began to get at him, taunting and cajoling... no tears right now (MY GOD, HE LIVED FOR TEARS, lapped them up like candy)... I love You Lisa... that was not me. Him, all him.

As she began to win her battle with Fred, I knew I had to move forward in his personality for the moment had come... he looked into her eyes and began to melt away... I know this trick, he was about to leave and go into hiding... ready to arise again and murder more... I had to stop him... you have to believe me, I, I, Me, I had to control him and the only way to do that was to stay with him, keep him with me... Lisa was begging, offering herself to him... as she leaned forward to kiss him... I plunged the blades into her.

She was dead the moment I touched her...

Fred roared, raged, I think he wept over her body... not for her of course but for the loss of control of the game... he was trapped inside me, my body, the body he needed was his prison... and I sat down to wait... for the police,, but more importantly for Nancy Thompson.

Goodbye Lisa, I will see you in Heaven... you were my hero.

Entry 30, 1982

So, the wait began. I knew not to expect Nancy anytime soon; the first wait was for the police. I had the feeling it would take them hours to find me, in fact it was almost a full day.

So, I waited and as I did, I held Lisa.

I am sure some of you would like a better description, more details of her kill... yes, I received those letters and most I trashed without a thought, there is sickness all over the world. I will always keep her death private, she was killed quickly and cleanly as I was the one who did it.

During our wait, Fred sat quietly in a corner in my mind; he was thrilled to watch me grieve. I thought of Lisa, how kind she had been to me, how understanding and of how I used her. I am no hero here but I needed to do what I did and as she died I felt she understood me completely.

I contemplated what was to come... it was noted in court that I was docile and in fact handed myself over to the police. I could have run, run to the end of the Earth and back again in the time it took the fools of Springwood's finest to find me... my God the whole place burned down before they thought to check it out. I wanted to sleep but knew I had to wait, I needed to be in jail... this is the plan.

As I mentioned before, Nancy and I are day and night... I am sunlight to Fred, I allow him to enter the real world... why? Who knows? Nancy takes him on in the night... right now he is locked between worlds but he will figure out the trap door, one day soon, but not tonight and not for years to come.

Fred was a fool to pull back his skull and allow me to look into his brain (he was showing off as usual) but it was a huge mistake... I saw it all and I remember, I know his mind, his flaws, what he can and cannot do. I love the Fred Head Canons, ooh....Freddy can do this or do that, chapter one page 20, scene three Fred does X...I KNOW Freddy, I am Jesse... do you understand I AM JESSE... I not only play the game... I lived the life, I wore the glove, I killed for him and it is my destiny I believe; to end his experience on this planet.

So I waited. I am thinking of my mother now and my father and my sister, what will become of them? I left the unfinished journal on my bed... open to the page that said... when I reach this moment it will all be true.

Everything written here is true and I am either dead or I am waiting for you.

Love, Jesse.

Entry 31, 1982

The night was cold, I had been sitting with Lisa for almost 20 hours... she was cold now, the fire was gone, the blood dried and I waited in the silence.

When the police finally arrived they came quietly, which was a blessing. The men were very nice and they ask me to get into the car. I did. I remember thinking it was strange that they did not cuff me but I now know that they were afraid to touch me.

You see, the story had already been decided, the Coach dying after meeting me in a gay bar (yes, now it had become a GAY BAR). They had my first journal, Ron dying after we had been in the same bed and now Lisa. The press and the public would decide that I was a self hating fag that killed Ron because he rejected me and Lisa because I hated women.

They were afraid to touch me because of the blood. AIDS... so sad.

I was happy for the silence though and I still can remember it as it was the last I would have for a long time. As I was driven to the station the noise began... first with the sirens and then the questions began. I will not bore you with the Q and A as it has all been said before. Obviously Officer A had watched an awful lot of Hill Street Blues. I told him my story and he called a shrink, her name was Henry, I like girls with boys' names so we hit it off.

She said she understood my situation and my story but we would need to chat about that more (chat about that more...funny). Henry knew that I was very calm but after admitting me to my hospital cell had Johnson (that is the nurse, very cute and sweet...very strong... different time, different place... had to be careful or he would be dead too... as Mr K was getting restless and he could feel the energy... now that is a little gay... here I am being detained in a psych ward in prison for multiple murders and I had the presence of mind to think I would date the guard under different circumstances... goes to show, at least I do not have to try and hide myself now) sedate me, I slipped away.

Because of Johnson you have the early journals, his kindness was always welcome and he supplied me with paper, art supplies and so on...

As I slept, the hell increased for my family. The house was tented and they were put on the street... I think I will sleep now; I can do that without fear now.

More tomorrow, I feel better about talking to you now.

Entry 32, 1982

After I was allowed to wake up from my sleep, having no idea how the time had passed (the deal with a General is you have no memory, no dreams... which leads me to think they believe me about Fred).

I am strapped into the bed and this cell; I am sure the glass is bullet proof. I notice my wrists are scratched like I tried to slit them, 4 hacked marks. I think that must mean I have been asleep for 4 days and Freddy is playing again.

At that moment Johnson came into the cell, I was happy to see him... I can not decide if he is my nurse or guard, I guess it really doesn't matter. I know he has a pistol by the door and a stun gun too. He said hello and asked if I would like a mirror, strange... but I said ok. My head was shaved and I had a black eye, really bad... I looked more like my old self, when I went to Northgate Day School.

The black eye told me I had been gone for 5 not 4 days. Johnson filled me in on my rest. I had been processed by the police, finger printed, striped and body searched (probed again... haha), they had also taken blood and given me an AIDS test... we would know the results in two days... well they would, I already know... I mean I am a virgin, I have never had sex... unless you could count the probe!

I had finally met my goal weight, a bright glittery spot in an otherwise foreboding day! I think look like a fashion model, all punked out... I am kind of pleased with the look, it fits a murderer.

Johnson said he wanted to talk but we must do it quickly as Henry would be here soon and we needed to get this out of the way. "Look," said J. "I went to Springwood High, I am about 10 years older than you... which makes me almost 30, no comments please... the point is I went to school with Nancy Thompson. Nancy was a freshman when I was a senior. We were never friends, she was very aloof but we had classes together so I did know her mind."

He had also witnessed them processing her after she was taken away. Point being he believes me about Freddy and he may

be helpful but we would need to be completely silent in regards to his help... it would put us both in great danger.

"Be careful with Henry, she has an agenda and it is not to get you out of here. This is the last thing I can tell you right now and please be calm... Lisa's body has disappeared. After you were taken in, the men went back to process the scene and she was gone. They think perhaps she is still alive. They are looking for her still."

I knew that was impossible as I had sat with her all that time...I killed her. Her body was gone! What about her soul? I guess I now know what Fred was doing while I slept. I heard him laugh... and then the door opened and Dr. Henry was in the cell.

Entry 33, 1982

"Good morning Jesse, you are looking better." Honestly, what do you say to that?

Henry was going to be difficult not to trust, she has a very low key vibe going on and I am surprised I had not noticed before her resemblance to Lisa, the hair and the eyes. I think I will not comment on this.

She wasted no time in beginning her job but I am not willing to let her take control. This is not my first time in this situation, I had spent time with a number of shrinks during the Northgate affair... so I knew the lay of the land. Better to turn the table now. Do I have a lawyer? If so, have you talked to him? Does he approve of you being here? Have I been charged? Where are my parents?

"Yes, you do have a lawyer, I have spoken with him and no, he is not aware that I am seeing you now. As far as being charged, yes you have and as an adult. So your parents are of no concern to me at this moment. Tell me about Northgate."

Abrupt, different style. Henry, should I call you Henry? I am sure you have read my files so what is the point?

"The point is Jesse, I need to know some things about you and I would rather they come from you than from an anonymous writer in a police report. I would really like your point of view."

I could feel Freddy laughing, he liked Henry and loved the fact that I was nervous and scared, although I think I am doing a good job pretending I am not...OK.

One case has nothing to do with the other. Northgate was very clear and simple. A boy I went to school with was an asshole, he made my life a living hell... everyday, almost every minute. Fag, Homo, Queer, that was all I heard, I progressively moved from the front row of the classroom to the back, he followed. I was depressed and agitated... the teachers did nothing but smirk.

One day as we are walking across the quad... he asked me if I wanted to blow him, this was in front of a group of his friends. I knew I had to make this stop. So I picked up a brick, I hit him once in the

face and once in the back of the head as he fell to the ground. The first hit knocked out 6 teeth and broke his nose. The second, who knows?

Henry was silent for a moment and then... "So do you feel it is in any way your fault that you are living on Elm Street?"

No, I replied, my father took the house without telling us, he knew about Nancy, he did not mention it. The house was cheap, he bought it... so not really. "Well" said Henry "you assaulting Derrick did cost you father quite a bit of money. $200,000 for a settlement.... meaning he could not afford your old home, you were not allowed within 1000 feet of Derrick, so no Northgate... that was another $30,000 down the drain... so the way I see it is he did the best he could. Who is this Nancy girl you mentioned?"

Nancy Thompson, please Henry let's not go down that road...you know who Nancy is... by the way, where did you put her? Am I going to the same place?

She closed her book and said goodbye. Nothing new for me, no answers about Lisa. I knew I would be waiting a long time for that question to be answered. I had the time and I would ask Nancy these question myself when she came to me. I may appear to be alright but I am not. I accept that life as I knew it is over, nevertheless I am afraid of the future and nervous about now.

"That's the way it goes" said Freddy, "that's the way it goes. Jesse."

Entry 34, 1982

After Henry left, I was alone and awake for the first day in ages. I now had time to think, no valium... just me.

It's true that I was the reason we moved; to protect me... after I hit James Van Landingham in the face there was no staying where we were. The Van Landinghams run the town and school and my father's company was dependent on them. So we moved to Springwood, a step down for sure but I think better for us as a family, until Freddy. Why did we have to walk into this mess? My Mother must be going crazy and of course I cannot reach out to her, she is not as strong as she appears and I worry.

My Father is tough so he will make it, as big an asshole as he is at times. When it comes to me and anyone trying to harm me or put me down, he will kill them... I wonder what the newspapers are making of them. Angela is probably with Gram so... she is eating cookies and unaware.

You may think that I am very calm, too calm and you would be correct but I am not cold or unfeeling, I am just tired. This has been a long month and I am exhausted. I feel safe here, Freddy is contained somewhat. No one is going to kill me, yet.

I do worry about prison and I wonder where they will put me. I am pretty sure I will be put on death row, so at least I will not be at the mercy of the prison population. I have watched enough TV to know that I would not be a virgin for long in that situation.

I miss Ron and Mike and Lisa... where is her body? I would talk to Fred about it but at the moment we are not speaking and I would like to keep it that way for a day or two... plus he will not tell me... anyway... perhaps she is lost in Nancy's Dream World.

Nancy, I hope you hear me... I know it is a long shot but I saw his mind... you and I together is the answer... will you be able to find me, are you free or are you in a cell like this, drugged up and lost?

Has it crossed your mind that this is all a dream? It has mine but I know it is not... there won't be any last minute wake up. This is the real world... who can say, I may be better off than some.

I included this photo as this is how I feel. Johnson promised books and pastels for tomorrow, so I can begin to draw again. I wrote a request to see my lawyer... I think they have to honor that... so two things to look forward to. Goodnight

Entry 35, 1982

Time has lost all meaning for me. The light never changes here and the coming and going of people is not set to any sort of schedule. I thought perhaps they were trying to stop using drugs with me, when in fact everything I eat or drink has drugs in it.

There are no mirrors. They only way I have of keeping time is my body, which is now cover with cuts and markings letting me know that Fred is roaming at night. I can feel him inside me but he will not speak to me. I am very lonely, I think about my friends all the time and then the horror always comes back. What was I thinking when I killed Lisa? Why did I think Nancy would help me?

The Lawyer has just arrived... I can see him walking towards my bed but really I have no desire to wake up or speak to him. If I could roll over and sleep that would be fine... but I have one arm cuffed to the bed so that is not possible. He speaks. "Jesse, I am your Lawyer and my name is Stan. I need to talk to you now and it is very important. I have waited two months to see you and if you continue to refuse to see or speak to me I can not represent you."

This breaks through my haze. Stan, I have never refused to see you, I have requested meetings with you in writing on many occasions. I do not understand anything that is happening to me.

"Jesse, you have managed in your young life to make some very powerful enemies. Let me begin with what is being offered to you by the court. You must sign a confession stating that you killed Ron Grady, you will be sentenced to a mental institution for a time to be decided by the court or you will be charged with all the murders and face life in a maximum security prison, perhaps death. Those are your options, in your confession there is to be no mention of a strange man killing and haunting you, I will write it for you. You will be diagnosed with a borderline personality and that will be that. You really have no choice here. The Judge has decided there will be no jury, no open court. The newspapers have a blackout on you and quite frankly most people in Springwood have no idea that any of this

has happened. Money has been paid, people have left town... this was just a blink in time... you must decide.

If you need help in making this decision, you may speak to your Mother but as for your Father, he has been arrested for child molestation based on information gathered from your journals. Angela has been placed in foster care and will not be returning to you family... Jesse, it will only get more difficult if you do not accept this deal...

Do you understand? It has been decided that you are going to go away, you never existed...

There is no Jesse Walsh."

Entry 36, 1982

I am really not sure about the concept of time anymore or life really. I am

not certain how long I have been here, months? Years? People come and go and I stay. Johnson has not appeared for a long time, I have a new nurse. I do not know his name, he shaves my head every now and then. He is not familiar with me.

The doctors and the lawyers are gone, gone, gone. I have no one to speak too but myself. I was told sometime ago that my mother committed suicide, very abruptly...your mother is dead... that is it, at that moment I died too.

I have no chains, just these walls. I have been doing yoga for years and it has saved me... it helps my mind, body and soul. I understand so much more about the killings and my involvement in them. Of course Nancy has never come, perhaps she is like me, alone. Sometimes Fred talks to me, but I push him down, away... this was my life...until.

The nurse came to shave me, I was very tired and not in the mood to be sheared. He slapped me in the face, hard and pulled what was left of my hair and laughed. Time stood still, I froze and then HE began softly and gently with the poetry, I could kill him for you if you like...it would be good for us, we need a change and I felt rage again... he had used me and now he was offering his service to me... no kill for me Jesse... NO... I will kill for you. I felt the heat rise up though my spine, just like the snake in kundalini yoga, the sexual feeling was intense, my body was so hot... as the light shot out of my eyes we struck... he was dead before he hit the floor.. Fred craved him up for fun.

I walked to the door, opened it and walked out. I am free.

No need to run as there are no walls, no guards, no prison... just a city... where I simply blended in with the people who crowded the street... to some, a homeless man perhaps but not scary enough to take note of. I am calm as I begin to walk towards the future... with every breath, every step I am planning Jesse's Revenge.

With the help of Fred, I will find them and kill them all, the people who did this to me and my family and then I will really disappear into the night and sleep.

Entry 37, 1982

After months of sleeping in the park it really feels like a home to me. I received handouts of clothing and money from people and I am grateful. In the daytime I use the public library as an office and begun to pull my life together again.

I paint in the afternoons and have some success selling my work on the street, I usually sit near the Museum of Modern Art. My paintings and drawings are beautiful but the interior is always very violent, sometimes people do not notice the violence because the colors are so pretty.

I am making very good money and have saved a lot. I am careful in my selection of friends... I know many people from the streets and they are a colorful group. Nobody ask questions as each of us carry a secret so we accept people as they present themselves. I have more to hide than most. Many nights I sit in my bramble and talk to Fred (although now that we are in the city he likes to be called Charles)... he comes and goes at will. My foolish belief that I had trapped him is long gone, he returns to me because he wants too.

Some nights he is gone and I believe he returns to Springwood. I do not question him in that regard. You may think our friendship strange but he is the only one who truly knows where I have been... what I have seen. I had to accept the he and I are the same. Yes, he is a murderer but so am I. I made the decision to kill two people and one of those people died because I needed to be free. Fred saved me. He has a weird sense of humor and sometimes calls me Patty Hearst... it IS kind of funny and true (although he really should call me Tanya)...

It is warm but we are getting close to fall so I need to find a home. I thought I saw Grady on the street the other night but of course it was not him, I followed the guy for quite sometime... finally he stopped and ask me if I wanted something...I was so nervous I ran away.

Entry 38, 1982

The moment the door to the studio closed I fell to the floor, filled with a tiredness I had never known before. Grief flooded my being and I began to cry. I felt truly safe for the first time since I left Ron's bedroom the night of his murder. Until this moment I have had no home, no door... nothing, no safe place to grieve.

You may think I am a hard person but again I had no choice if I were to survive. You may put yourself in my place and believe you would have done better that me; that would be your fantasy. Have a cold steel blade stuck in your eye, a burned hand caress your face, have that man plead to enter you in the most personal way... via your soul. Have this man murder people you love by your hand and then have this same demon save you from an eternity of hell... and then tell me what you would do?

Who you would feel sorry for?

I have become hard; I will stay that way until my life is through. There will be no happy ending here... I will survive and I will have my revenge, I will create a life for myself... but at the end of the day... this will always be my story, I will always be afraid, I will never rest... I will be judged forever by people who assume they would have done more, been more.

I am Jesse, this is my life and this is a moment I allow myself to weep. I will then get up and go about the business of making my art and my home. I have great plans for the space... I will divide it into dark and light like my life... but for now I make the new bed up, so it is nice... it will be the first I have slept on in years.

The guy that looks like Grady, well I bumped into him again... he is completely different than Ron but almost looks the same... his name is Colin, he is from London and is also an artist of sorts... he takes photos for magazines like Vogue and GQ, he is funny... he said since we were always running into each other...that it was fated by the angels that we should become friends... so to seal the deal we are eating dinner and then seeing a movie together, again the first time I have done these normal type things in years. The movie is

a Midnight show of something called A Nightmare on Elm Street... sounds like my life. I hope it is funny, I could use a laugh.

Entry 39, 1982

I remember that the radio was playing "The Joke Isn't Funny Anymore" and I was ready to go. It had taken me an hour to choose my clothing, which is stupid I know but like I said before I am trying to be honest and a lot of this is very new to me. I have had to hide for so long now, write in code, cover my tracks. Being truthful when writing this is difficult. I embarrass easily... thank God CFK had taken off for parts unknown. I was alone and waiting, I was nervous.

Then Colin was at the door, he brought me a housewarming gift, saying when he moved to New York he owned nothing. He gave me a beautiful blanket made of cashmere and wool; I cannot explain the color but even looking at it made me feel rich.

I was glad I had chosen my PARIS sweatshirt, I felt looked cool and like I belonged in New York. He said the blanket was to keep me safe and warm in my new home as this building was very old and famous for lack of heat, Then it was time to go, Colin touched me lightly in the small of my back as if to let me know that I should walk out the door first, I felt this was a good sign of him being a decent person.

As we walked to dinner, I was amazed at how comfortable I felt, I noticed all the people moving rapidly, some slowly... all involved in their own world... nobody stared at us as we walked and talked, we were not freaks, just two guys out for a walk.

Dinner was really cool, we went to Le Zinc, mirrors everywhere, French food and models everywhere... I swear I saw Madonna but I may have made that up in my mind. We talked for hours; the fact that Colin looked so much like Grady was a comfort to me. I always thought my friend Ron was very handsome and was the type of person I would never be able to touch... I said I would be truthful, this is difficult. If this offends you read no further, I do not want you here. This is my new life and I want not to be ashamed of what I say, do and think. This is my promise to myself. Now that my Mother and Father are gone, I have only myself to answer too.

We talked about so much, he told me the history of my building. Much like the Chelsea Hotel it houses some of the great new artist of the 1980s, Jean Michael is living there now and Andy Warhol visits him. Patti Smith and Robert Maplethorpe lived here together for a while. Colin said I must be very talented and very lucky to have landed there, all the signs pointed towards success. Colin said the path to fame is very dangerous and illusive, that I should move slowly because many fall by the wayside. He talked of himself, very cool person with a great history and he said a strange taste for horror movies which was his way of saying it is 11:30 we have to run...

It seems the movie we are seeing is the talk of the town and he said be prepared to be scared, it was not what I really wanted but I was happy and relaxed... so we ran to the 8th Street Playhouse, got some popcorn and slid into out seats just as the lights dimmed and the movie began.

Entry 40, 1982

I breathed a sigh of relief and leaned into Colin as the movie began. At first I was off in a dream world, I have no interest in the movie... so when the music began, the familiar tune took me by surprise and then I saw it. Nancy's diary coming alive before my eyes... I started to panic, a real panic attack... my focus narrowed, I could not breathe.

I was aware of the audience of the people around me and I tried to hold it together. I began to sweat, my body became very hot as if I had a high fever and then I saw him.

If you knew Kruger you might laugh a bit at his wardrobe in the film, Fred is very stylish, wears his clothing quite well and in spite of his burns is very vain, The hat was perfect, the look in his eye exact. I knew in my heart that Fred had been visiting with Robert Englund the actor who played him in the film, perhaps he passed though his dream world... point is Fred knows about this movie and said nothing to me. I am sure I know why... because it brings the reality back to me, it is clearing my mind.

The people watching the film are entranced, many had seen it before as they are quoting the lines and laughing and screaming... it is horrifying to me, as I have seen these people murdered in my mind... nothing touches the reality of the killings, the smell, the stickiness of the blood, the guilt... most especially the smell of fear and blood.

Again, my life changed in a moment. As you know I am Fred's ticket, his ride into the real world. Nancy wants him in the real world so she can kill him. I have felt angry and lost, why has Nancy not found me, helped me... has Fred been keeping her from me? Of course he would... thank God I always carry a valium still... I popped two.

Then the movie was over. Colin could tell by my sweaty body and pale face that the movie had not been a successful choice, in his eyes I saw panic and I knew in that moment he really cared for me

and was afraid I would run... NO Chance, he is mine... I will not have him stolen from me. My God, do I have to protect him from Fred.

My mind is spinning. Colin tried to laugh the moment off by saying... "Well I guess I will not take you to see Part 2 on Halloween", my heart sank. Do people not understand this is real? I almost collapsed. Colin said "You are ill, let me get you home" and as if by magic we were there in the safety of my room. Colin said "I am going to stay with you tonight", I started to cry, I did not have to beg. He undressed me and put me in the shower, I was burning up... he put me in bed... the last thing I remember is him lying beside me looking at a libro of my sketches and I said "Whatever you do don't fall asleep". He smiled at me and then I was gone, back into the Nightmare.

Entry 41, 1982

As I lay in the bed watching Colin sleep, my mind turned back to Grady. I think I may have been confused or mislead about what has happened since his death. I mean think about it, I had no trial. I was locked in a hospital setting that turns out to be a room in some office building. I accept that people were who they said they were because I was chained to a bed.

What I know for a fact: the coach is dead, Ron is dead, the guys at the pool and Mike are dead. Lisa, I may or may not have killed her... her body is gone. What if everything else is lies... perhaps my mother is alive, my father too and they are looking for me.

Has there been a smokescreen around me this entire time? Who made this movie and why? I mean it is very faithful to Nancy Thompson's diary and I know this all happened for real. So why the movie, if in fact someone is trying to cover this up... maybe they think if they hide it in plain sight it will seem like a fantasy.

I am not certain what to do... so I will do nothing, I will wait and see (I read that in the Art of War... do nothing, watch, be aware).

My next test comes when I see Fred alone we have to talk about the movie, what he knows. I must continue the course I have set with him but if this is all his doing I will make him pay. Until then I must be very careful. I now have Colin to think of and I will not have him meet the same fate as Grady and Mike.

Jesus Christ I am almost 21 and still a virgin and everyone I loves ends up dead. No wonder I like The Smiths so much. Well, the virgin thing has got to end...I guess there is no time like the present. Sorry this is personal.

Goodnight.

Entry 42, 1982

I have not wasted a moment of the past weeks. Painting has taken over my life and this is good because I process everything that is happening through the paint. The studio is a wreck as working studios often are but as this also a home I have to clean.

Colin is returning from Thailand and we have much to talk about. So I put on the music and for old time's sake do my naked Swan Lake, certain in the fact that I will not be bothered. I am using a old swing time record player that I found at Trash and Vaudville. I love the diamond needle and the popping and cracking. Dancing makes the time fly and I was finished in less than a hour.

I have a coke and reflect on the past two weeks.

The paintings look good, my idea is to paint 5 large canvasses to be displayed simultaneously on the 7 continents. Stations of the Cross. Each canvas contains my blood, my soul, my tears and sadness after returning with Fred. I sleep on the canvass for a night letting it absorb all that energy and pain and like I said blood, tears, piss whatever is needed... some times I have people pee on them (the pizza delivery guy was shocked but i tipped him 10 dollars), or if they want to donate blood is fine.

Then like Helen Frankenthaler, I use chemicals, raw pigment and thinners, moving the image around in a weird trance like dance... then I let everything bleed into each other... finally after a few days, a high gloss vanish moved with 24 K gold dust. Fantastically soulful and tortured.

My agent said this awfully ambitious but good. I have a patron who will foot the bill, and trust me it is a lot of money. I have never met him but he likes to view my work in private, so Sid lets him in when I am not there.

My last will be completed tonight, I must add passion to this painting and some more body fluids, so since Colin is coming home... we might as well be covered in paint. I will order in as I know he will be very tired. We need to talk about the shoot also as I was hired at his suggestion, Catwalk Horrrors or as I say Catwalk

Whorers. Death by catwalk... do not think Laura Mars... this is unique and shows the clothes, I pulled some amazing stuff. I hope Colin and Vogue like (and I hope I can but the amazing pant off model number 7)

I have been thinking about what Fred said in regards to changing my name as "Nightmare on Elm Street 2" is coming within the week. I spoke with Sid and he says it has to happen yesterday..so I am playing with my new idenity..I am sorry friends but I can not share this with you but Jesse Walsh needs to vanish now There is NO Jesse now. I have been investigating the actor playing me his name is Mark Patton. he is in Los Angeles now but is flying into the opening..I will arrange to meet him one way or another.. If it were not for Colin I think I would try to seduce him..it would be a stange feeling to fuck with yourself..but that was just a thought that past in the night, ended rather abrupty and then I feel asleep. I am sure the guys in the crowd understand, fantasy is healthy. Well I will shower and nap..I have a feeling I am in for a long night.

Entry 43, 1982

When Fred and I were living in Central Park, we lived near the Rambles, a place where Gay Men look for sex. One night I was asleep in the bramble and a man tried to rob me. I was very scared and then in an instant Fred killed him. We made it look as if he was murdered in the rambles. It made all the newspapers "GAY MURDER IN CENTRAL PARK, SLICED AND DICED" (NY POST), but it covered our tracks. I did not feel bad about this as the man was a criminal and invaded my home, sad and humble as it was.

I did however contemplate death a lot at that time... each killing drags me in deeper. I would go each day to The Metropolitan Museum to look at one particular painting by Mark Rothko, the painting was Blood Orange and a red color that I can not explain. The painting seemed to have a pulse. It was soothing my death contemplation. I then found out it was the last of his paintings before he committed suicide.

This brings me to Stations of the Cross, if one day some person stands in front of Passion no.7, I am sure they will be overwhelmed with the feeling they should surrender themselves to someone and have hours of some really hot sex. I would consider myself a huge success.

I guess you figured out Colin is back from Thailand. He said the cut under my eye made me even more beautiful, I am glad he noticed. I think this will leave a scar.

Today we worked together on his shoot for Catwalk Horrors, the models were beautiful but of course they were made to look beaten down, the clothes... amazing, I am not sure how they were made and if they will appeal to anyone at this time but in the future people will point to this moment and say something changed... goodbye Disco, hello Rimbeau.

Of course there was a dead model nailed to the wall with the ropes, I just could not stop myself. I was very hot through out the entire shoot and I could feel that Charles wanted to let himself out... but not today and NOT tonight.

We talked about changing my name and Colin asked if I was hiding from someone, he said the cuts and scars made him believe that someone had been beating me perhaps a parent or a lover. I said no and then said "Colin, I was a virgin when I met you"... total silence..... I have no desire to know anyone else, I know I am young, I will not tell him this as it would be too much for him right now. I will just continue on as I have.

With "Nightmare on Elm Street Part 2 ^ prime prime coming out, Jesse must disappear and tomorrow is the day. The name is the only secret I will keep from you friends but I will say if I told you... you would know me in a second.

Finally, I have been thinking about Nancy Thompson, why has she not found me... tonight is her easiest and perhaps last chance. Maybe she is like me and trying to make a new life, perhaps she is blind to the past. I know one day I will return to Springwood. I know Nightmares are happening at this moment but I cannot help... staying in my life and controlling Fred as I do is the best I have to offer today.

Entry 44, 1982

The process of changing your name is very moving and quite strange. I filled out a lot of papers, paid a fee, saw a judge who ask me why I was doing this (the social security issue makes it more complex, but I do not want to be found). I told her that I was being stalked and had been beaten by my stalker. The cut under my eye was the icing on the cake. So with the sound of the gravel... there is no Jesse Walsh. I am gone and I have turned into someone else.

Cheryl is no longer my mother; she has been replaced by a woman from telephone book. I listed father unknown because I am a bit of a bastard. Place of birth, Chicago... I shaved a few years off my age and had myself reborn on February 14, because I am also a bit of a sweetheart. So enough info for you. My name is of my own choosing and it is not a joke, just a place for me to rest.

I have been scanning back newspapers in Springwood and am not surprised to find very little info about me and Fred. As I thought, gay rage in the killing of Ron, No connection to Schneider and no mention of the party, of Lisa. No mention of Nancy Thompson. The house was placed on the market and sold. I also read that Springwood is increasing in value at a rapid pace... it is considered one of the ideal places to live in the United States. I think that is why they buried my story. Well, lucky me and unlucky fool that buys that house.

I read my Mothers obit and I was listed as her only son, whereabouts unknown. Dad received a single line in the paper... child molester murdered in Prison. No word of Angela.

After changing my name I went to Holy Trinity and had a mass said for my family... I wept and then I dried my tears and walked out the door... a different man. I must not think of them anymore, they are gone, gone.

I returned to my painting. Andy Warhol was in the building and my door was open to let in some air. I was in my underwear and covered in that blood orange paint that Rotko used. Andy whispered "may I come in and look?" He said "Oh... my" I told him about

Catwalk Horror... he knows Colin. Then he said "Oh my" again and was gone... I am not sure what to think but it was very interesting to meet him.

HE looks like a Ted Bundy type, I noticed he has a small crack at the edge of his mouth and was bleeding... I continued to paint.

Nightmare on Elm Street 2 opens in one week and I am nervous to see it.T he poster boy makes me look so big and butch but I have seen a photo of Mark and that is not him, big and butch I mean... more pretty really. I suggested to Colin that he use him in a future shoot, I will think up something fantastic for him (that is if he can act)... anyway. Miles to go before I sleep... xo, Me

Have you head the new song by Wham!... it really sticks in your head..

Entry 45, 1982

My agent woke me up this morning, he was practically screaming, I could barely understand him.... until he said Andy Warhol ordered two paintings at $10,000 dollars each! I mean the fact that he likes them, wants them but even pays for them has completely blown us away.

He chose the Orange painting, called "Have You Ever Seen a Dream Walking." I have loved this song forever and strangely enough it scares me, these Sisters sing it... I think it is in the 1930's or somewhere in that time. I envisioned that their father was insane. The painting is about rage... oddly it is very calm. I find that to be the case with me and with Fred; when the real rage appears, a calmness comes with it.

It hurt to sign my new name to the painting, I felt like I was betraying myself but I do believe this is the right thing to do. Andy also order a new painting, he ask that I paint a new self portrait based on the Dorian Gray Novel... forever young. Andy is not a creature of this world, I think he sees somewhat, Fred and I and our past but it seems he understands. I believe that is where artists are different than most, they accept the Dark and the Light each being true and looking without fear. Judgement at times, which is not bad... we judge, I judge many of our actions as wrong but not all. For example, Schneider. I was a student, young and at his mercy really... his intentions with me were foul, I think perhaps in the end he would have killed me... really, I have thought about this for sometime now... what would he do with me after the rape? Would he risk his life for this thrill, he was relaxed, calm even... see what I mean, he had done this before... but where are the boys? So I say his death was justified and good for us all. I lose no sleep over him. One day soon I will paint his death and people will be thrilled with the color... the color will be Revenge.

I spoke to Colin about finding something for Mark Patton, I do want to meet him, I am intrigued and this would be the safest way... of course I cannot let him know who I am. Colin laughed and said I

am vain as he looks like me and perhaps I am attracted to myself... but he knows that is not true... Colin is the living proof. He suggested we wait until the film opens to choose the image as he has the ability to shoot at will, so we need no approval from Vogue, someone always buys his photos.

I wish he could capture Fred on film but it is far to dangerous for everyone and as I said before I will not lose Colin... I am tied to Fred but I would kill him in an instant were he to move against Colin and I now know how it can be done. I won't write that down either it will be my little puzzle.

Tonight we celebrate, but first I buy, buy, buy! I saw fantastic coat at Barneys and it will complete my look for this year... goodbye to part of that $20,000 dollars!

Entry 46, 1982

Last night I dreamed of Elm Street, it was a very mixed up dream... I am certain that I did not know most of the kids in the dream. Strange little scenes, Marge at an AA meeting, telling her tale of drunkenness and being met with hisses and boos... someone said "You drunk, lying bitch." My Mother taking sleeping pills, maybe 50 or so.... she was crying so hard and I could tell she was very scared and lonely, then she went to bed... screaming sounds filled her mind. My father hanging in a cell. Fire everywhere. Lisa being put in the trunk of a car and driven off into the night chased by a pack of wild dogs. Nancy was doing yoga. I told you it was a strange dream.

Fred walking a red carpet and killing every good looking guy in the crowd and then me, bathed in a golden light... I enter into Nancy's mind and see that she thinks I am dead. That for some reason someone said I cut my eyelids off to stay awake and died from the infection... I tried to let her know but there is a wall between us. I woke up screaming and my body was on fire, I was bleeding at the hip again so the underwear had been sliced and covered in blood as was the bed.

I stood up like a zombie, walked to my paints and began painting the canvass, first with my blood and then the paints. I painted the beginning of the portrait for Andy Warhol. The painting is 7 feet by 7 feet, huge. I guess Colin is right and I am vain... but really aren't we all? My life is huge and surreal.

I will tell you that there are many people walking around on this planet that have stories similar to mine, some much worse. Sometimes I can hear what people are thinking but only people in deep trouble. It is not a talent I want to develop... it is too much, it would drive me mad.

Fred was whispering to me that we needed to kill the boy down the hall, he is a great talent... Fred says he will never get better and if we kill him now he will be famous forever, just like James Dean. This boy is an actor and I want no part of this but I know it is a done deal... as one night he will take me and use my body to kill him, I

wonder what the last thing he will see... me, Fred, Heaven, Angels, Hell.... I was going to see his film tonight and then to a party... now I think I will pass.

The day after Halloween Colin invited me to go on a shoot with him... we are going to Germany, it will be cold so my coat will get worn! After Germany we are going to take a couple of days in the Virgin Islands to get a tan,, before you know it my show will start... I am not sure where that will lead but Sid says I should be prepared for it to go either way. This my first show but I know in my heart that it will go very well.... it is all in the plan.

Please do not think I am immune too the suffering of Fred's victims, I am not but right now there is nowhere to turn, nothing to do... so I shut off that part of life... we all do that with things we do not want to deal with... I am sure you do.

Entry 47, 1985

October 30, 1985. My worst dreams have come true. I just saw A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 2: Freddy's Revenge and I am completely wrecked. I know they found my first journal because so much of it is there on the screen, everything about me.

Watching Mark Patton was like looking at myself, I feel like we are the same person. Of course they tried to make light of certain things and the killings could never be as gruesome as the real thing. I am very confused, so forgive me.

When Grady was killed in the film, I broke down completely. That was just the way he died, very simply, gutted. My body was just revolting at what was happening on the screen. They made my father a joke, my dad was a very scary man, he was rough with my mother and the entire family... I guess they could not show how scary our home was even before Freddy. I miss my mother so much right now, she would have hated this. Hope Lange was really good, I wish I knew her as she really reminded me of mom.

There were stupid things, like something happening with birds that I did not get... maybe I was too far gone by then. The dreams, the horror, my night time heat, sweating and decline... it is all there. The school and the coach started like a dream but I can attest to what really happened and it was like that only much worse. The man wanted to kill me, the vibe was very dark and nasty and I think if they showed how that really went down it would be rated X. I am still glad he is dead and I still thank Fred for that, it is the only thing I thank him for.

My Lisa, I can not even talk about her, they let her live and she saved me... when in fact I killed her and that makes me damned. I am more certain everyday that much of my life is being controlled by something and not everything I believe is true. I think she is alive and now I have to know. I felt like I was coming out of a trance... Fred is a bastard, all through the film he was trying to break through and take me. Not happening right now, I am stronger and I know the tricks. I am not sure what would happen if I let him out.

I ran from the theatre, I grabbed the newspapers and of course it is everywhere... from the New York Times to People magazine and the boy he just is me. I went to a salon and had them dye my hair black and cut it short. I bought a bunch of black clothes... tonight I have some brown contacts and I am going to wear them. YES, I am going... it is dangerous but I can not resist. I will have to be honest with Colin, it is the only way to save our relationship... he will most likely run in horror. I am totally wired.

I meet Colin at four, it is two now. I must calm down. The people were laughing and screaming and having a great time, if they only knew death was inches away. Every show in New York is SOLD OUT; there will be thousands of people seeing this. I have to calm down. Even if Colin dumps me, I am running to Europe tomorrow. I cannot be here right now.

My God this is totally fucked... do I never get to be free, happy... is everything supposed to be taken from me? I am still a kid, this is not fair. I am going to paint because it is the only relief I have.

Entry 48, 1985

Perhaps I am foolish but I am going tonight. The more I think about Nightmare on Elm Street, the more I understand that there is more going on that I understand. I have been listening to Fred yap for the last two hours...

"Let's Kill the Fuckers" hours at a time can get boring.

"We are famous Jesse, you and me... you got the body, I got the brains"" I have heard that one before... he is lusting to kill the actor down the hall (who by the way is coming to one of the parties tonight). He, the actor, is rather annoying but that is just my total freak-out talking.

At the moment there are a lot of people I would like to kill, top of the list CFK so I have to be extra careful. I know he is going to be at me all night long. My God that reminds me of the dancing in the movie... it really did not look like that in real life.

The song keeps running though my mind... time to play some Madonna. I know in the middle of all of this I should not bitch about my hair but... the black color... big mistake! I am going right now to have my head shaved. I will be a punk for a while, I can pull it off. I am so worried about Colin but I will wait and see.

I have to run... I am meeting him in Time Square, in an hour I will see Mark, at least no one will confuse us now. I hope we still make it to Paris.

Entry 49, 1985

As I was leaving the studio, the message machine came on and it was Colin telling me change of plans, "meet me at Vogue" easy enough. So I headed there, I guess they are picking up the tab for this. I am happy Colin is so talented and successful; he just seems so relaxed in everything he does, no stress. Off to Vogue.

When I arrive Colin took me to the Men's Closet and started pulling looks for me.

"I think it would be more interesting to have you "play" the assistant in a lot of shots so we have some wardrobe for you. That will give you a reason to be close to Mark and you will travel with him on an equal footing, it just works better as a shoot."

He had make up look at me and they played up the scar under my eye... the clothes, rich Edwardian punk... fantastic but strangely subtle obviously worth a million bucks. Colin said "the deal is you keep the clothes as your fee, so as you change... the stylist will pack and this can be you stuff for Paris, we will buy what we need when we get there... sound good? Then we can take the car from the shoot to the Plane, we leave at 4 AM."

I pretend to be non plus but Jesus... is this really my life. The shoot is called "The Making of an Icon" sort of quick non staged shots of the fly... now I am dressed and we are walking out of the trailer and into Time Square where there are thousands of people lined up to see A Nightmare on Elm Street 2. The film's name is on every Marquee in the Square.

Colin starts shooting, he calls it strobe fucking... when the lights start to flash the crowd goes wild. Then Mark Patton and Robert Englund come out of the theater... the people go insane... Colin directs me to walk over and say hello, that they are expecting me... as I pass thought the bodyguards my heart is beating out of control.

Robert looks very nice and quite normal although of course he is very high on the rush of the crowd and very talkative... but he is not my target... it's the shy blond in the center of the crowd, he looks

younger than he is and he seems quite comfortable but I can tell he is overwhelmed by what is happening.

Mark turns to say hello and I see we have matching scars... first thing he says is "how did you get yours... Freddy, I mean Robert gave me mine as we were rushing out of a theater, I think we were about to be crushed." I laughed and said "same guy different time."

The lights are flashing and Colin is shooting everything. Mark says "would you like a cigarette... I am not supposed to smoke in public but I have had two gins so... be my beard...please" So I take the cigarette and put it to my lips, I can taste him. This is so strange for me, as this boy, this man looks so much like me yet different and I feel from his performance in the film he knows me. I am sure he is gay but he seems relaxed enough to be himself... the stylist takes us to a trailer and changes us into something... who knows what it was at that point... we were naked and I was trying to cover my Jesse scars... I had to notice him and he noticed me... nothing was said, nothing needed to be... yes, this boy was going to be a friend and I realized at that moment that I need one. I wonder how much he intuits, I can tell he feels something... the flashing and the screaming begin again... Colin is laughing and shooting and then it is total madness for four hours.

We travel from theater to theater... Mark becoming more famous with each show... then it is time to go... I am burning up and I now feel Fred in his full power, he wants to be a part of this.... it takes every last bit of strength I have left to hold him back. I can not take a mass murder tonight.

I slip into the car and we slide into the night, we belong to this night, it belongs to us and then we step on to the plane... it is waiting just for us and we fly off into the sun... Paris.

Colin said "it was fantastic shoot, did you like Mark? I haven't seen the film yet, I hear he is good... we will see it in Paris sometime soon" With that horrible thought I fall asleep against his shoulder.

Entry 50, 1985

We are not going to see Paris today, perhaps never. I woke up to total chaos on the Air France flight. We were somewhere in space and there was a dead body two rows over from us in First Class. A young beautiful model with his throat neatly slit. We are heading back to New York.

The steward put a plastic sheet over him and I swear I saw him breathing, trying to speak... just like Tina. I have blood running down my rib and I have to figure out a way to get clean without any body noticing. Thank God I am dressed in Black and the blood (I hope) is my own.

The people on the plane are completely stunned and silent, they know one of us is a murderer and very sly. They are afraid of each other... this may help me. I tell the steward "I must use the toilet, I am going to be sick" which moves Colin into action... let's see if I can be a method actor... as she is walking me down the isle, I just boldly stick my fingers down my throat and vomit all over my beautiful velvet sweater... for good measure I spray a couple of others passengers... who freak out and lucky me one woman starts the chain reaction. Vomit is going to save me!

They rush me to the bathroom and I wash my sweater as best I can. Fred left a little gash on my throat but that can be explained away by last night. Colin brought me a beautiful white shirt, I began to shake as if I had a chill and he wraps his scarf around me. I think I am cool. Until I see the two bloody hand prints on the window, I look at my nails... clean. Then I notice the prints are on the outside of the plane. Fred must have taken the boy out for a walk on the wing and killed him there.

The motherfucker is so sly, I took a sleeping pill. He just waited. Now he is chattering away and I feel as if I have a 103 fever. Colin is getting really concerned that I am going into shock... I try to let him know that I just do not respond to blood very well.

We are hours outside New York and the police will be waiting. Will my finger prints be on record, I have no idea... I have no clue

about anything. I could be heading for jail right now... I cannot breathe. I hate him so much; I have to get rid of him. If that means I have to kill him... so be it. I know how. "Jesse, baby, do not run from me... we are in this together... it will all be fine, I left no trace of you... I have to leave you for a while... I have work to do in Springwood... that Bitch is waiting for me. Wack the Fucker my ass!"

The plane is landing and he is gone... here come the cops.

Entry 51, 1985

The plane is now reeking of vomit and blood, no air and the police are very slowly interviewing everyone on the plane before they let us off. They interviewed us right away as we were very close to the man who was killed. It is amazing what a first class ticket buys you. The police were very nice, almost servile. The stewards kept hovering, trying to make us comfortable.

When they questioned us, Colin made it clear we had taken sleeping pills and we were in fact sleeping head to head the entire flight. He explained my sickness and the police said it was very common to react so strongly to seeing a violent death for the first time. Inside my mind I am rolling my eyes... "if you guys only knew and Thank God you don't!"

As I have come to understand Fred, the one thing I am certain of is that he is very detail oriented... so I was relaxed in the fact that nothing would point to me. The handprints... gone. I guess he did a little magic clean up (the fact is a zombie-like maintenance man climbed on the wing and washed the window, do the math).

While sitting there I had time to contemplate what he was up to in my old hometown, I am sure he was jacking off to some poor teenager's misery. Since the movies have come out Fred has begun acting rather cheesy, like he is watching Comedians on Johnny Carson and trying out his act. I am use to him now just like I am use to murder and blood... shit happens. I may sound blasé but it is like I am in a war, if I cry over every stranger killed I will really lose my mind and most likely my life... sorry, I am going to make it out alive! Like Nancy said "I am into survival".

I guess we are done here as the we are being allowed off the plane... it seems the police believe that this young, beautiful man decided to slit his own neck in a public suicide... that is good for everyone... mostly Air France... New York has Son of Sam... they do not need any more serial killers or strange murders.

As we get our bags we are "strobe fucked" by a different type of photographers. Into a cab and we are on our way home. Colin

asks "my place or yours?" I opt for his as at the moment I just need to feel comfortable and safe.

As soon as we got to the loft, we showered and finally free of the vomit smell and the blood I felt much better. Colin needed to edit the film, talk to Vogue about Paris and rebook our lights. I have nothing that needs to be done, I am booked out of my life for 10 days... the paintings are ready. As Colin figures out life, I draw a bath (such a luxury, I have no tub only a shower)... so that was the day...I guess that was enough.

Entry 52, 1985

We had a lazy day, lounging, sleeping, eating, and recovering for murder on the airplane. France will have to wait, that is fine as I have no doubt that I will go one day soon. At about 4AM, Colin was sleeping, so I left him a note and went back to my studio.

The East village at 4 AM is still quite alive with junkies, whores and boys on the prowl... I felt completely safe. It is nice to be home. As I walk into the studio I am overwhelmed by my paintings... it is as if I have never seen them. Or they have been painted again while I was away? What I see is so rich, so painful. The bloody colors illuminate the room... they vibrate and are very, very moving for me.

Today they will be moved to the gallery for my show. They will be curated by Patti Smith and she is writing the tags (she is a new girl on the scene, sort of, but you know her). I will not look until the opening. I have all these fabulous clothes to play with, so I will think long and hard about how I would like to appear. I am really beginning to understand that in this world people spend time deciding how they want to be perceived... that a person can have many aspects to a personality or a talent. My old ways of thinking are going away to be replaced by new ideas that are expanding, stretching my mind.

Painting Number 7 "passion" catches my eye as the sun shine though the window and I very clearly see Lisa, glowing and she is having a baby, how strange, the painting is like a looking glass. Lisa having a baby! I am convinced I have been fooled and she is alive... somehow I must quietly find her... perhaps she is terrified and hiding, maybe she would not like to see me... but I must. Now with the new name, I will be lost to her.

Thinking of Mark now... how odd would it be to befriend him... I am looking forward to seeing the Vogue shoot, Colin is very good... I bet we look very cool and now we are linked in another way. I will see the photos later in the day. Colin and I are taking yoga and then whatever.

My new scar from CFK needs tending to... the bed looks very tempting... well maybe just an hour or so.

Entry 53, 1985

I was so sleepy but the image in the painting intrigued me, was it my projection? Instead of sleeping I decided to sit surrounded by the paintings... this really was the last time I would be alone with them... perhaps the paintings are trying to speak to me, just like the Mark Rothko Painting at the Met.

I am beyond feeling odd about the spiritual aspect of art and I have much evidence that there is more to the world than meets the eye. So I sat in a lotus position closed my eyes and waited. You will not be amazed that Fred began to whisper in my ear and heat up my body, he was bucking and wanted to be free. I understand Fred better than anyone in the world at this point (I think I have a clearer picture of him than Nancy but I am not sure, as I have never met her). So I relaxed, ignored him and his now profanity laced poetry... he is obsessed with my sexual activity and reduces every move to it most pornographic. I am a guy, so I get it, I am Fred's porn... I am his sex doll... this makes me laugh and it adds another layer to a totally bizarre life.

Relax, breathe. ...I begin with painting number 1, the color is very cool, fresh, a certain green that is lovely but as you contemplate it, the color become ill... the matt glaze dulls your view, it is unclear what you are seeing... this was me before Elm Street. I had no point of view, I was a child, unclear.

It is true that the painting moves but very slowly. I see my father there and Fred... they are really the same image, that is strange. My father's prison is clearly defined, it is off his own making... I see the way in and my spirit enters the painting. I am there.

This must be what it feels like in the dream world. I know what I am doing is dangerous but here I am. My father's mind is cloudy but I can tell he believes he should be here, the killing started with him. I do not want to look at this, it is making me very nervous but I stay. He is thinking about the place he buried the first one... when he was a boy, a little dog... neck broken.

There is more, this is how Fred found us and brought us to the house on Elm Street... my father's sins, his crimes made him open to Fred... Fred wants to punish him though me... why... why?

I cannot take the heat, I am an oven and I need to rest... I need to look into all the paintings but my energy is depleted. Will other people be able to see into these paintings? Only those who are open... will Fred move through them... I have to know but I have to sleep... so I wrap myself in the blanket that Colin gave me and am instantly at peace. I walk to the bed and sleep... all the ugliness gone. Just me in a very happy place.

Entry 54, 1985

A knock at my door woke me. The movers are here to take the paintings. That means I have slept a day and one half. I had strange but normal unrelated dreams. I dreamed about two movie stars who where homeless, a very sensual dream but sad.

Anyway, here they are packing away my life, which will now be put on display for the world to see. It is only 15 blocks to Soho and the gallery but as for a career it is a thousand mile leap. My connection to the building, Patti Smith, my agent, Colin, Vogue and Andy Warhol buying two paintings has thrown me into the serious art world... it seems the list for request for early viewing of the paintings is becoming a who's who in the museum and collecting world. There is really nothing left to buy and I am well off (at least in my world a $100,000 dollars is a lot of money).

When the men have packed up and left, I am left with many feelings and an empty studio... only a blank canvas and a bed remain. My blood, my paints wait.

I do have some foreboding about the paintings and a sickly feeling about painting number 1. The moving men left me a receipt and a package from the agent. Inside is Patti's names for my paintings... number 1 "The sins of the Father will be visited on the Son". I just close the program; I do not need to see anymore. I understand completely. Does it phase me that there will be a new murder connected to each painting? No, not at all. Will I try to interfere, I am not sure... it depends on the crime.

At this moment I wonder if I am in fact crazy and if Fred is really me or if there is a me and only Fred exists... I remember me before but that Jesse seems like a young friend I use to know, I think of him fondly but he is the past. I am Jesse now, even by a different name I am Jesse, I own this life.

A storm is now brewing outside as I begin to dress for the day. I choose to dress like Rimbaud. I have recently read "A Season in Hell" so why not! Although Arthur Rimbaud never bathed, that is not

for me. Clean! Clean! The effect of blood on one's hands... you just cannot bathe enough.

I am ready to walk out into the world again, I am ready for what I know is coming, I will weep for what is past... soon I will be very famous in a certain part of the universe. But at night, deep, deep in the night I will witness something that will last forever. I will go to Hell with Freddy, I will try and save some and let others fall. I will try to find Nancy and then we will kill him. I think that is the moment I die too... but that is fine. I will feel dead by then anyway.

For now I live! Off to Colin for food, for love, for sex, for life! I will live well and enjoy what I have here. Then we will fall as far as we fall.

Entry 55, 1985

"Jesse... we have more work to do... Jesse let's have some fun... look baby, I set you free... let's do that Actor, you have the body, so you can seduce him and then when you are fucking... I will appear like a huge hard on he was never expecting... I get the cover down, we will throw him out the window into the alley... you are hot all the time, I can feel it and it is not always me... you shouldn't mind...you act like a slut with COOOLLLLINN! I mean that in the nicest way... whorish is really hot... come on asshole let me out... or I will fight you and you know you hate what happens then... poor pitiful souls perish because you get me so angry I am out of control //// no XO for me... love the book prick! Did you like the movie... what a laugh, so PG... we could do Mark too... I know you would like that... that can be ALL you... Love the Diary Sister...Nancy's was nice too. Did you love how I left it for you...never dreamed... never do. CFK"

Well I guess it is clear that Fred has found my journal, perhaps he has been reading it all along. New track... If you have been with me this long then you must have a reason to read this or it excites you or you are a cop... so grab your pencils we are going to be moving very fast now and not everything will be in order... some will be random and I will leave it to the wise ones among you to figure out. I now know how you like to talk and challenge each other... yes, I have seen Fangoria Magazine.... like it... but really not my thing. What I mean is once you have lived it... it is like porn mags... does not do it for me... I like the real thing... I am sure one or two of you do too... but this is not a manual to follow... you would be caught within minutes... you can put on a mask and a glove but your are not Fred. You are just playing a game.

So the truth, I have told a few lies here to cover my guilt, make myself look better... so let's get those out of the way first. When I told Colin I was a virgin... that was not totally true. I was a virgin in a certain way with a man (old habits die hard... I am still shy about some things, they are private). I did have sex with Lisa, once... she asked me too... so we could answer my gay question once and for

all. Like I said before I can do it, be hard I mean but I did not care for it.... it left me feeling dirty and feeling like a liar... she understood. We did not use a condom, I came in her... so If she is alive and with child... knowing her... it is mine. Big lie number one see?

Next, I had sex with Mike but it was not nice, he forced me one night to have oral sex with him... he was kind of mean (that was the only time, he also slapped me a couple of times and once hit me with his fist and told me I was stupid for not hiding his stuff better). I reasoned he was having tough time with his Dad at home... I am not that stupid any longer and I know this abuse is why Fred killed him at the party.

Next, My Father was a sex offender... teenage girls... he had spent time in jail and therapy... that is why we moved so much. I am sure he never touched Angela or mom would have left him but Angela was young... sooner or later he would have and that we would have had to kill him for (me and mom). I am glad he is dead, I am sure he got what he deserved... Fred may have had a glove in his death.

Next, I am not a nice guy all the time; I am petty and very on my guard all the time. I was molested as a child by someone like Fred, maybe it was him... who knows. I can be violent if I need to be, like hitting that prick in the face with the rock at Northgate Prep. I know how to fight dirty, my dad taught me. I will cut you or bite you, pull you hair go for the eyes... all bets are off if you try to fuck with me. I was hazed and bullied and harassed into a corner... it was either die by suicide or fight. I fought, I am glad I did.

Next, I love Colin but I will never be faithful to him (nor he to me... it is not in our nature). I will respect him and act in quiet ways. We make a good team and I believe there is more to Colin than meets the eve. You get a double dose today so be prepared to read on. So I have lied but people are lying to you too. Fred is not funny, Fred is a vicious killer. I have questions about this and I think about it a lot. This is where we will move around and be tricky. Look at the museums; we build temples to art, why? Because artist project our desires and dream, fears for us... but mostly the soften the blow. To want to collect pieces of a film is normal, it is fun but the reality of

Elm Street is more hellish than most of you imagine in your dreams... there are no rules... there are no do-overs, second takes... there is no camera, no audience, no appluse... no washing off the blood and going home to a nice meal... there is only death and destruction.

My paintings contemplate The Stations of the Cross on the road to Calvary. I have completed 11. I skipped the crucifixion because I am saving it... for Fred. I will live to paint him in death and then he will be just a rumor... a ghost story... something to make you jump at Halloween. But right now...in this moment... I have work to do... I am going to Kill Fred Krueger. It may take my entire life but I will kill him...I was chosen to do this. I waited for Nancy but I believe Nancy is dead. If Fred and I are the same soul... I will kill myself.

So with that terrible thought I go ahead and get dressed in my beautiful clothes and I go to lunch. I walk the streets and look at the beautiful people... knowing each of them is carrying there own slice of hell... I will just show their pain. I will bare his scars and show you the man. Join me, it will be thrilling and very bad.

Entry 56, 1985

It has been a few weeks since I have written here. I have been extremely busy with the show, which opens tomorrow. I am hesitant to write after my last confessions because perhaps I offended you. I am sorry, but the story comes with a price and now you have to pay it. Do you think I could be surrounded by all this evil and not be affected?

Place yourself in my life, I have asked you to do this before and I will again. Do you see a solution, something that will allow me to be this sweet innocent that the film portrayed me as? I am sorry to play with your illusions; bedtime stories always have a happy ending. I am afraid you are in for a disappointment or two. I am on edge 24 hours a day, I live with Fred inside me, inside my mind, my breath, blood, soul...

always aware that at any moment he could overpower me and kill or worse, and there is worse than killing, you know. They just did not show you that part in the film. So if I am confused, forgive me. Look, I change from day to day, like you. One day I am brave and fearless, the next I am hiding from myself. This is the way my life is. I want to live, I do what it takes to stay alive... sometimes that seems selfish but it is what I have to work with.

Colin showed me the layout for Vogue; he is very sly and very kind. The "story", "The Making of an Icon" is really about me. Mark Patton is very present but the story is about me as an artist. Beautiful photos and throughout the article there are also photos he took of me in my studio, unaware as I painted. They quote Andy Worhol, Patti and they have a comment by Mark and a photo of him in my studio looking at my paintings...it seems he is now on the list to buy from me.

The opening tomorrow should be quite an event, with food and drink, celebrities I have never met... Colin says be prepared to be strobed and to be prepare for life to change forever. I am ready for my life to change... I just wish I could chose the direction but it seems I cannot. It is as I said before... my destiny.

Entry 57, 1985

The crowd surprises me; I thought perhaps this would be a quiet little viewing. Not the case, bright lights and velvet ropes. My agent met us at the door to move me though the crowd. "What did you do to those paintings... no matter, whatever - people love them but please WARN me...I have to know what to talk about... well doll... you are a star... welcome to your new world... be fabulous!"

I see what he means almost at once... painting 1. "Jesus is Condemed to Death ..The sins of the Father" Has been slashed with the glove. The same holds true for painting number 3 "Jesus Falls for the First time... My Broken Heart". The cuts look fantastic but I know they are a warning. The room is transfixed with the images... people stare at the paintings with fierce interest. I see friends and celebrities everywhere... sipping wine, chatting. Across the room I see Mark and we agree by eye contact to meet in the corner. He is with Cher! What a thrill for me.

Most people are carrying a copy of Vogue and many want me to sign it... it really hurts to sign my new name but I do. I meet Mark and CHER... she was very kind, said she loved the paintings and then slipped away. Mark and I were alone and the room seemed to go quiet. We talked about Vogue, the movie, his changing life, my changing life and then he said it "I think we are connected in some strange way... I feel as if I know you, I am sorry for all your pain... do you understand me? Do you feel the same?" I simply nodded my head and wept. Mark said "I have to go but I will call you from LA, paint me next!"

My agent said he needed me to sign in the office... so I went to sign the paperwork for the paintings sold. In the quiet of the office as I sat at the desk signing away my rights to the paintings... my world blew apart one more time... all the paintings have sold and I have request for more... but painting number three... that is what stopped me cold and I began to weep in earnest... the painting had been purchased with the caveat that I am present for the hanging at

Princeton University. It was purchased by Lisa Weber-Thomas. I froze, it is true... Lisa is alive!

Entry 58, 1985

I realize now that I am not in this alone. For the first time in what seems eternity, I feel like I can make it though this. I love Colin but I know Lisa and I know that she would totally go to the wall for me. She just did, she let me know she is alive! So the paintings really do have the ability to speak... what about the baby? I will have to wait and find out but whatever the situation I know it is going to be all right, just as it should be. I hope she has the answers to at least some of my questions. I do not care if she knows nothing, I am just so glad she is alive.... please, I cannot go on... just a sec.

I am back out in the crowd, I have to turn off my mind and move through this party... and it is fantastic and I am thrilled, deep inside I am thrilled that someone who knows Jesse will witness all of this with me. Lisa knows; where I come from, what I have been though. I did not realize that I was about to fall apart until I saw her name. Now I know I have been barely hanging on. My eyes lock on Painting number 3, the cuts are exactly where the heart of the painting is. I know this because I built the painting around my broken heart... see the thing is these are very abstract... the paintings, and Fred knew exactly where to cut... the deepest cut.

I know I am in danger now as is Lisa and Colin. CFK likes the way he is fucking around with young minds in Springwood in the Dark and then walking out into the world though me. He will do anything to protect his comfort zone. So it is back to basics... controlling access, controlling my mind, avoiding his targets, in my case young beautiful men and Lisa -Oh My God - would he be fucked up enough to go after Mark? Breathe.

Great! Andy Worhol just walked into the Gallery and the place is ALIVE! Stobe fucking everywhere... they are leading him to me... he smiles, he takes my hand as he stands beside me as the cameras explode he says "Oh My.....Oh My...be careful Jesse."

Entry 59, 1985

I am taking a train to the Princeton; I have not left Manhattan since I was locked up some years ago. As we left the island, yes, New York City (as you think of it, is an island) my mind wanders back to Springwood. I see things I do not want to remember... oh death.

New Jersey looks very peaceful but I am no longer the naive child I once was. I know there is a horror show going on behind every door we pass. Who knows what dreams are dreamed in those beds, what parent is drunk and unbelieving, sweet but ineffectual... closed-minded or just chooses not to see the hell around them. The children have no filter, the teenager no protection. Am I too dark for you?

OK... Everyone is happy... OK... feel better? Good... let's pretend.

I am dressed down, trying to look like Jesse from home but I think that is no longer possible. I am a New Yorker now, those shoes, that shirt, the hair, the glasses... my attitude all announce I am from another solar system all together. I am an Art Star, I am rich, famous and no matter how I try to hide it, it shines though. That coupled with my scars, cuts and cropped hair... set me apart... so I just slip on my Persols and relax into who I am.

As the train pulls into the Princeton Station, I see her on the platform... she looks very much the same, very sweet, the preppy clothing, smiling to herself in anticipation and about 9 months pregnant... she is literally glowing. Standing alone waiting for me... inviting this horror show back into her life... suddenly I feel very dirty, lousy... what right to I have to even step off this train. But I will because I have too... I have to know the truth about what happened in Springwood.

I take comfort in the fact that I did not kill her. I stand, take off the glasses and walk down the stairs and into her arms.

Lisa and Jesse are home, together again.

Entry 60, 1985

Lisa hails a cab and we quickly leave the station. She has arranged a nice restaurant in which we can talk in private. Lisa does not live in Princeton, that was a ruse and now we are in a small town in New Jersey sitting and talking as if no time had passed. The baby is due any minute, she is married to a college friend, She is studying Art Therapy and keeps close tabs on the Art Scene in New York City..."So when I saw you picture in The New York Times with the name I knew it was you and I had to find a way to reach you and get you out of the city... as you can see it is not easy to travel" Big Smile.

We both have so many question and so much information... so first we just drank some tea and calmed down... then she began... "in the factory everything became very still, I saw Fred turn into you, I felt him taking you away mentally... you sat down on the floor and began to cry... it seemed like you were holding something very precious in you arms... I was afraid to interfere as I thought you were in shock and I worried that you... I don't know... that something would happen. Of course I was totally freaked out, covered in blood and exhausted. I called my dad and then I called the police. They were there in seconds and took you away in an ambulance. They talked to me for hours and I made a decision to lie about what had happened. I understood they would never believe us about Fred... really I do not think most people saw him... he was so fast.

With what you told me about Ron, I knew what was about to happen and I wanted to protect you. I spoke at your hearing, I told them that you had been having a breakdown for months, that I thought you had a personality split... that you believed a man had taken over your body... what had happen with the ass Schneider and the trauma you suffer there... there was no sympathy for him as many guys came forward to say he had done the same to them and worse. He held one boy hostage for a month and raped him often... so no one was interested in his death, they were happy... many people spoke on you behalf and in the end you were committed to a hospital for the mentally ill. They would not give us the location...

supposedly for our and your protection, plus you were isolated for a year basically in a coma. Your family fell apart quickly and then your father was arrested... that was the end. I am sorry about Cheryl, she was a good lady but I think after losing all of you she could not live anymore.

My parents have had much trouble, they are still together... they live in Arizona, They will never be the same... you know Dad accidentally killed one of the boys at the party? He had never fired that gun before... he almost killed you. The Gradys still live in the same house and have basically gone crazy waiting for Ron to come home.

I moved away quickly and found this place, met Steven and tried to forget. I study... you know me I work hard... but I never relax, lately there have been signs that Fred has been near my house and school. This cannot be, I will not allow it. I know he is here right now on some sick level and I am warning him that if he comes near me or my family I will kill him this time... no matter what. I have to protect my baby.

I was relieved when I saw you were free and then doing so well in New York, I wanted to let you grow and really have a chance at happiness. But when I saw the painting, I knew what was happening and Jesse you know I love you and I will not allow your life to be destroyed by this sick creature... that is why I bought the painting, by the way it was donated to Smith College.... so that is it... that is what I know.

I am sure you have a million question as do I, let's eat... you look too skinny. Oh yes by the way, he is a boy... yes and we are naming him Jesse... honey you have to know you are very loved, you still have a family... you are not alone in this world and we love you totally as you are... now eat and then we will talk about it some more."

Entry 61, 1985

I am sitting with Lisa but I have gone far way and now I am in a place that I will try to describe to you. I call it the Middle Place... this is the loneliest place in the world... it is the foggy place between Fred and me. I can see Fred on the horizon in the mist... he is waving at me, he seems like a little lost child. I want to comfort him but to do so I must go deeper into the Middle Place and then I cease to exist.

I am a boy still and I am very sad... in this place you accept yourself as you are... there is no pretending, no posing... you have what you have... courage, weakness... it is a very honest place but unforgiving.

Sometimes I am so tired I want to surrender to Fred... in my heart I believed that no one would know or care... no one was watching me, looking for me to come home, concerned...

This new named boy does not live in the Middle Place... only little Jesse... but now I see in the distance a light, a way out... it is love that will bring me home.

Now I am back. Lisa is looking at me with those eyes... it is going to work out.

I tell her about Colin (she has done her homework...she knows a lot about him) and she tells me of her life... the daily simple things. I feel sleepy but good. I feel safe.

Entry 62, 1985

On the train home Fred was bothering me but I blocked him out. I had a lot to think about and I did not want him interfering in my joy at being with Lisa. I am happy for her and I know she is happy for me...but her reaching out was a cry for help. I know she underplayed what was happening with Fred. So we are both in danger again... together...

As I spoke about before The Middle Place is a strange and scary but I have grown use to it. I suspect that Freddy has killed up to 50 or so people since we have been together. He has killed people that in my eyes deserved to die and I think he kills these types to keep me relaxed.

I have recently noticed that he has been blocking my view of Springwood and until now I did not care. I do feel that Springwood treated me and my family indifferently and pushed us out of sight... sometimes even denied we existed. That our experience was so different that it did not fit the profile of Fred's MO that obviously, I was a sick killer, self loathing and they quickly dismissed and buried us all.

The fools believe that Fred is unable to walk among them in the daylight... they so enjoy the little game they play, making a myth around him... that they really can not put together the real him and the heightened danger. If they had spent time with me, ask me... they would know more.

Now it is here in my paintings and this journal.

I can see a day when people read this and their only contact with Fred is though the films... that should be interesting... still I want them to know that it is much more gruesome than you see in the films. There is a whole sexual element that they do not show you. I guess for fear of getting an X rating. The scene in the first movie with Nancy in the bathtub is the most accurate display of his perversion... now take it to the next level and let him rape and slice her from her vagina to her heart... then you will understand what we are dealing

with here... then he watches as the family finds their child and he laughs. That is the part he likes the best.

So this is who we are dealing with. The little games he plays in the movies are just the first act, the foreplay if you will. Fred would cut the baby right out of Lisa and watch her die... with her heart breaking... that would be a good day for him. So I am wise to be careful... again I go back to the fact that I want to survive, I want to live. Is that wrong?

Tonight I am going to let Colin know the truth... so he can get out before the war begins. I will miss him holding me in his arms.

I must paint this now... my story for the world to see.

Entry 63, 1985

I spent the next day or so in the middle place. I may have rode the train for days, I am not sure, it was as if I was sleep walking again. I was so glad to return to my studio and fall into bed. Of course I woke up in Hell. The bed was covered in blood, I have a huge cut across my face and one on my hip. My underwear, soaked in blood, is nailed to the wall.

I knew Fred would be angry when his smokescreen with Lisa's death was blown... so it's obvious he is showing his displeasure. Fucker. I was OK with the mess but not with the feeling that something horrible was waiting outside my door. The building was quiet but I could not chance opening the door looking like this. So I showered wishing I was at Colin's so I could bathe my exhausted body. The blood I mopped up, I just added it to the canvas I am painting. I also tacked the underwear there.

I opened the door to the hall but I knew I would not have to travel far. Studio 1426, the actor. The door was slightly ajar... he was a mess but beautifully laid out. He looked like Lazarus trying to touch Jesus... but there would be no more life for him.

The bed was soaked with blood, his underwear was nailed to the wall. Down his naked ribs are craved the name Jesse. His and my last gift from Freddy. This was more than a warning, this was war. Before Fred had gone to great lengths to protect and separate me from the killing. Here in this room he made it clear that the blame could be completely traced to me.

As I left the ator to what would be his most remember role, it would make him famous forever. I thought of Lisa and knew I had time to contact her as it was twilight. Fred has gone to Nancy, poor children of Springwood tonight would be Hell.

Entry 64, 1985

My thought was to set the studio on fire... just light it up and let it burn. In my heart I knew that would not cover anything at all! I needed to do something to take the spotlight off me. I began with the carving on his ribs. I got a palate knife and ripped away the skin... this was very difficult and sickening but trust me... Fred has put me in a lot of sick situations (I could hear him mocking me... but I kept him at bay).

I took the underwear to be burned quickly. I made the cut on his face into a word... VAIN and scattered his photos around the room... I wrote on the walls with his blood "That will teach you not to FUCK WITH ME!" In my heart I was sorry to do this but it needed to be done.

I went home, cleaned up and left the studio. On the way to Colin's I burned the pants in a trash can. I called Lisa from a pay phone on 4th Street and told her to be careful. I explained to her my plan.

Question?

Do you think it is morally wrong to kill one more person... if in doing that... I could stop him forever? I have to do the killing... this time out of my own desire... there will be no blaming him. I will not tell you the plan yet, I have to let it unfold and this journal is not safe. Some of you may never understand... but that is life.

Arriving at Colin's prepared to tell him some parts of the story. When I look at his eyes, so trusting and filled with love... I stumble but I am committed to moving forward. So I begin the story of Elm Street... and I will have to accept his judgement.

Entry 65, 1985

I do not look at his face as I begin to tell the story. I do not want to convince him to take pity on me. I tell the story simply and honestly. I do not expect him to understand, just believe. I see now that I have become my own kind of monster. I wanted a simple life... this is what I was dealt.

Fear, madness, destruction. Yes, I am a famous artist. I sell paintings about death, written with the blood of his victims. Some people pay thousands of dollars for then and think they belong in the collections of the rich and famous. I see people pay millions of dollars to watch someone who looks like him kill for pleasure and laughs... some want to be him, some even want to be me. I do not care about any of this, not anymore. I care about me, I care about keeping Lisa and her baby safe.

If I were to come out of this situation "clean", I needed to let Fred kill me in Springwood, then I would just be another name on a list of Springwood children, murdered and discarded. He spared me for a reason, he let me go... to torture me? I want to walk this life free and I have only one solution. I will be hated for it but so be it. The only people who understand are Lisa and Mark, the actor who played me.

Mark has gone into his own hiding, he has felt the effects and the power of the lust of Fred and the people who follow him. So, I will do what I can and I will not listen to the outcry... I will simply disappear again. I expect not to be understood... but please God... not today... not with him... but I already know that answer, the outcome and so do you.

I hope he believes me, at this point that is all I am asking for. So I lay my plan, I will set the bait... Lisa and I will finish this for ourselves. I waited but it is not meant for Nancy Thompson to be my hero. I will be the hero of my own story. I will survive.

So it is done. He needs time to think. I leave and as I walk home... I think of my life after. Will anyone be there for me, when I die, will anyone mourn. Fall has come, the leaves are turning... my

mother's favorite time of the year. Browns and Blues are my colors, that is what she would always say... "Jesse don't wear black, wear browns and blues... they make your eyes so beautiful." She is only one of the people I have lost and can never replace.

I stop at a store and buy a beautiful blue sweater, slip it on and if by magic I am Jesse again. There is a Jesse now. I am Jesse Walsh.

Entry 66, 1985

As I am walking home, I am stuck by how happy of unconcerned so many people on the street seem to be. I sometimes wish I could trade places with someone... but then again you never know what is really happening in a person's life. If you look at me what do you see? Certainly not the reality of my life.

The idea came to me on that walk... just presented itself very simply. I know in my heart I have found my way out. The act itself will be complicated and will take some quick planning and a lot of luck but I feel in my soul... this is the way out. I deserve to be free of this monkey on my back.

When I get to the studio, I strip and slip into bed. The bed has become the safest place for me and I can allow my mind to roam free and put the puzzle together... forcing no piece into the wrong space.

I have not much time, I know my Fred and I must move rather quickly before he sees the truth about my plan. First step is to talk to Fred... which I will do this afternoon if he agrees... then the end has begun. I am sure he will as vanity has become his middle name. I wish I had Colin to help me with this... but it is clear I have to do this all alone. I do not want to get ahead of myself so one step at a time... first Fred and then the next step is easy.

Entry 67, 1985

It was surprisingly easy to set the plan in motion. Fred was quite simply touched by my offer, I have never seen him speechless. Vanity... we all have it but my Fred has it in spades.

Again vanity helped with the next leg of the journey and curiosity.

I used my fame wisely and he agreed to the conversation and lunch...he even invited me to his home, what could be better?

As my new paintings are due and starting to shape up, the timing is perfect for a trip. My luck was supreme in the fact that he is an art collector and I eluded to the fact that although I could not give him a painting, I would make one available for below the market value... that closed the deal. I must say he is quiet interesting. So we have begun and there will be no turning back as the game is in process. This will be a one shot opportunity... so I pray it works.

I have decided to leave Lisa out of the loop... it has become clear that this is mine and mine alone. This is hero's a journey, what a sad hero I am. I hope I can go to her in a few days and say it is over, we are free. If not I will be dead and she will be on her own. I was always a liability for her in any case, she is a very tough woman.

I made the ticket for tonight so I am just waiting until midnight... the bag is packed. I have made myself into the painter, I have taken a valium so I can abide the constant Fred chatter... he is hot as am I. I have nothing but hate for him but I must never let that show... but in truth... I love him too, perverse as that seems... he set me free to become myself... the hate comes in with the fact that he has murdered or destroyed everyone I love. How is that for a conflict? That said I will have no problem with the next step... I want this to be over... I will mourn him when he is gone... one more killing, the ultimate... yes, more blood on my hands. So be it.

Entry 68, 1985

The flight was uneventful. Fred was quiet which lead me to believe that he was in Springwood, hopefully trying up loose ends. The car met me at the gate. I had requested a discreet black sedan and a quiet driver. This company was used to every kind of request, it was subtle and cost a fortune. I would receive what I paid for. As we drove Sunset Blvd. to Brentwood I had a bit of nerves as Fred arrived but he was quiet and resting in my body... I hope this will be our last few moments together. I prayed, I was nervous but we are deep into the game so I pushed my feelings down and moved forward.

As the house came into view.... manicured, European... I was not surprised to see a red sports car of some sort in the drive... a jag or something like that. I do not know much about cars. The only auto I ever owned cost $400 and needed shocks but 1 loved it as it was FREEDOM. I had a name for the car but I can not remember what it was at the moment... nerves again.

He answered the door himself as I summoned a smile. He said we would be alone as the lady was off today. Perfect. In the hall we spoke of mutual friends and began to talk about art. When he showed me into his office/den I was impressed with the beauty of the room, the romance really... the lair of an intellectual. I quickly came to my point.

"Robert, do you enjoy playing Fred? Does it feel comfortable for you?"

"Yes" he replied.

"Do you know that the story is in fact true, I know many of the people and witnessed many of the acts you play out in the movies."

At this moment his demeanour changed and I could tell he thought he was dealing with a stalker of a deranged fan (The come in all sorts of packages, trust me). I took this moment to let him know that I am Jesse Walsh and that I have been carrying a terrible burden for years now and I must at any cost have relief.

This is the moment he stood to show me to the door. We are now at the sticking point. I must say he was quite calm as Fred made his appearance... no ripping me open... he just slipped out of my body and then we were three in the room. He was brave and stoic up to the last moment. Then he screams, they all do, he begged but Fred showed him no mercy as he tore into the body he would now use as his own. It is done. I am free of him... he has found a new home. Robert/Fred asked me if I would like to shower before I leave but I declined the offer.

As I walked towards my silent driver and slid into my car, I noticed that Fred had left one last scar for me... a small nick on my lips... as if he had kissed me goodbye... I pushed the button, the window closed and as we drove away... I knew it was over for me.

Addendum:

2011, I walk though Rock and Shock Horror Convention... alone, nobody knows me. I sit at the table with Mark as he signs his name... at one point he excused himself to use the bathroom and a young man asked me if I was him and could I sign an autograph as Jesse... I explained that Jesse would return in a moment... he told me how much he loved Mark and what Jesse meant to him. I smiled and said I understood. After Mark returned... I walked towards Robert's line... huge, thousands of people waiting to meet the man. Fred smiled at me... and I walked on by.

Perhaps one day some smart police officer will find a body and then another... all across the nation and then they will connect them to the circuit and then to Robert, the most prolific serial killer of all time... but not today. Not today.